MARY WHITALL

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OF

MARY WHITALL

BY

HER GRANDDAUGHTER

R. N. T.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHIL. iv. 8.

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MARY WHITALL.

CHAPTER I.

1803–1821.

THE most beautiful of all my memories of the past, and the one I should most wish to place before my children, is that of my beloved grandmother, Mary Whitall. Her waving auburn hair under her snowy cap, the soft, pink color in her cheeks, her loving, sympathetic glance, and bright, sweet smile, form a picture which is precious to my heart, and which must be dear to all who came within the sphere of her influence. Her presence was an inspiration to all that is true and gracious in womanhood, and I would that the example of her pure and lovely life might have its effect upon her great-grandchildren, as well as upon my own generation.

Our grandmother's birth-place was the farm of Park Plain, near Woodbury, N. J. This had been purchased by her great-great-grandfather, John Tatum, in 1689, and enclosed within its limits the remains of a large deer park, from which it received its name. The family at one time lost possession of it, but it was repurchased by her grandfather, who also bore the name of John. He was a man of marked honesty and uprightness, and a valued minister among Friends. His first wife, Sarah Ward, our grandmother's grandmother, was a woman of dignity of character and valuable religious experience. She died in 1778, at the age of forty-five, and her husband has left on record a quaintly-written tribute to her worth. He says, she had a "love of the truth when she was young and in the bloom of life," and that it "abated not as she grew in years." * * * "She had a sensible feeling, as she sat in meetings, as to the state of them, and especially of the ministry;" * * * "a lively sense from whence it flowed, and sometimes dropped hints and remarks that were instructive to some in that station."

Although this John Tatum began life a poor boy, by his industry and ability he accumulated what was, at that time, considered a large fortune which, at his death in 1821, was divided among his six children. To his eldest son, John, who was born in 1767, he gave the farm of Park Plain. This son inherited his father's high principle and integrity of character. It was said of him by a noted lawyer in his section of the country, that "no man south of the Assanpink river was better known or more highly respected than John Tatum." On 12th month, 16th, 1794, he was married to Hannah Rogers, daughter of William and Grace Rogers, influential Friends and elders of Evesham meeting, N. J. Hannah Rogers Tatum was a woman of religious experience and unselfish life, who early taught her children to love the Lord, and walk in His ways. She had two sisters, Grace Wills and Ann Scattergood, and it was said of them that "three such sisters as Grace Wills, Hannah Tatum and Ann Scattergood, would ne'er be seen again." She was the mother of nine children, four of whom died in infancy. Our grandmother,

born 3d month, 28th, 1803, was the sixth child and only surviving daughter. Two older and two younger brothers grew up with "our Molly," as they fondly called her, in the old homestead.

Our grandmother always spoke of her birthplace with much affection, and her early letters reveal the enjoyment she found in the simple, rural life passed there. The farm contained three hundred and thirty-three acres. In one part of it, the ditch and fence of the old deer park, from which it was named, were still visible. Around the house, stiff lombardy poplars and large sycamore and weeping-willow trees cast a pleasant shade, while numerous bushes of sweet roses added to its attractions. Behind the house was a large garden with fruits and vegetables, and old-fashioned perennial flowers.

The house was of brick. The date of its erection, 1753, with the initials of the original owners, M. and M. W., was put in black bricks in one gable. In the large old-fashioned parlor, with rooms opening from it on all sides, the family gathered in the evenings, in front of

the open fireplace, or sat around the candle-stand with their books and work. The rooms up stairs were mostly small, each having its open fireplace. One of these had tiles across the top, and little closets in odd places, which were a never-failing source of wonder and interest in after years to the various children that came to enjoy the bounteous hospitality of Park Plain. Our grandmother's room faced the south, and from its windows she could see across the creek that bounded one side of Park Plain, to another piece of property beyond, owned by her father. This place was diversified by hill and dale, and covered with forest trees, and frequent mention is made in her letters of the beauty of this landscape, as she saw it varied by the warm growth of summer, the tints of autumn, or the winter snows.

The first reminiscence we have of our grandmother is from an aged friend, who told of a visit to Park Plain, and of the little Mary who came "bouncing in" with rosy cheeks and flying curls, a bright picture of health and spirits. This precious little daughter was care-

fully trained as a Friend's child. She was dressed in plain colors, and obliged to wear a bonnet made in conformity to the style of older Friends. The following story about her youthful rebellion against this bonnet was always heard by her grandchildren with mischievous delight and wonder, to think that their perfect "Grandma" ever did anything wrong. One day, when quite a little girl, she was crossing the bridge over Woodbury creek on her way to school, when her dislike to her bonnet grew so strong that she took it off and kicked it before her. The deed weighed heavily on her conscience, and, as she was returning home in the dusk of evening, she was startled, upon reaching the middle of the bridge, to see a dark shadow at a little distance up the creek. This, to her excited imagination, assumed the appearance of a figure coming toward her, with finger uplifted, in solemn warning. Filled with terror at what she felt a deserved rebuke, she ran home as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her, resolved, henceforth, to wear her bonnet in full submission. As she grew older, and could better

understand the reasons for her plain dress, her childish objections to it passed away, and she quietly settled down to the simplicity in which she was educated, and never afterward departed from the style of dress peculiar to Friends. I remember, when a child, looking at her pretty complexion, and asking her if she never wore pink ribbons when she was young, and the smile in her eyes as she shook her head conveyed at the same time a sweet toleration and a gentle rebuke.

At an early age she was sent to Westtown boarding school. Here were formed several warm friendships with girls of her own age, which lasted throughout their lives. Among these were Catherine Wistar, afterward Catherine Evans, and Lydia Lippincott, afterward Lydia L. Scull, who were especially beloved. With these friends she kept up a correspondence until all were married and living in Philadelphia, when letters were exchanged for loving visits and helpful ministrations. In her early letters to them is often shown the liveliness and keen appreciation of fun which, in after years, lent an added charm to her intercourse

with her grandchildren, and gave a spicy brightness to her correspondence. In one gay school-girl letter, written when she was about fourteen, she exclaims:

"Oh, Lid, I wish I was with you a few minutes to see some of your pranks, and to be the head-fellow at introducing some new scheme for mischief. The people used to say we would feel sorry for cutting up so, after we got home; but I have not felt the least sorry yet."

Lively and buoyant as were her spirits, it was not by such moods that her friends chiefly remembered her. Her loveliness of character was noticed by all. In speaking of their boarding-school life, one of her friends used frequently to mention, that when her school-mates indulged in their favorite amusement of forming ideal characters from the different characteristics of their acquaintances, they always selected "Mary Tatum's disposition." Although gifted by nature with much that was sweet and attractive, it was not to natural grace alone that her loveliness could be attributed. She was trained in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and as she grew

toward womanhood took with loving submission the place of a follower of her dear Redeemer. From her earliest years a strong sense of duty controlled all her actions, and throughout her life she was an exemplification of her favorite saying, "He who gathers the flowers of pleasure in the field of duty, may gather them all the day long." The right thing always seemed the pleasant thing to her.

Her tender, sympathetic heart, and her bright, helpful spirit, strong with hope and courage, made her an invaluable friend, and her letters show that these traits, so prominent in her later years, displayed themselves in her girlhood to those about her. She invariably sought the highest that was within her reach. The loneliness and homely pursuits of country life never dulled her intellectual tastes, nor narrowed her interests. Although she had the gift of winning hearts, she never descended in order to please, and her influence, as in later life, was carefully exerted to elevate all those with whom she had intercourse. The favorite text that her grandchildren so often heard from

her lips must have early become the rule of her life; for which of us can hear the words, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," without a vision of the sweet face of her later years, on which was written the record of a lifetime of pure and lovely thoughts. One of her marked characteristics was an unwillingness to speak against others, and this text was often quoted as a gentle rebuke when her children or grandchildren were tempted to transgress in this respect. Humility was also a striking feature of her character, and her earliest correspondence shows how weak and faulty she felt herself to be, and how ready she was to admire and appreciate others.

Her school life at Westtown was full of enjoyment to her; but the affectionate letters frequently received from Park Plain show how much her parents missed their only daughter. These letters breathe an earnest desire for her spiritual welfare and intellectual improvement, and reveal the strong interest her parents felt

in all her youthful friendships. They urged her to be kind and attentive to all her companions, especially toward the new pupils, but to be very careful in selecting her intimate friends. Her younger brother, Joseph, who was at Westtown at the same time with her, was frequently commended to her sisterly care. Often the letters closed with a fond message from "little Brother William" to "Sister Mary." Boxes of apples, cherries, and many other good things from the farm were frequently sent her, and also various pieces of sewing and fancy work, for she was expected to be industrious during her absence, and make presents for her aunts and brothers, as well as a shirt for her father. The following extract is from a letter from their mother, dated 2, 23, 1817:

"I feel sometimes as if I wanted much to see you both and converse with you, but as that can't be, I endeavor to suppress it, desiring that you may be good children, kind and affectionate to one another, and to those who have the care of you, being always ready to render any acts of kindness that may be in your power. Strive rightly to improve the present

opportunity in that way which will produce comfort and satisfaction at the moment, and be a lasting advantage in the future. This will also add much to our comfort, and make up for the privation we sustain in your absence.

"It is pleasant to understand, dear Mary, that Catherine Wistar is among thy most intimate friends, believing, with thee, that she has a sweet, innocent mind. Tell her we accept her kind remembrance of us, also that of the other girls thou mentioned, and offer my affectionate love to all of them.

"Thy little brother, William, came in just now, and said: 'Give my love to Brother Joseph and Sister Mary,' and gave me two kisses for you. I must conclude in affectionate love to thyself and dear Joseph, in which father joins me.

"Thy affectionate mother,

"HANNAH TATUM."

When her parents, in their anxiety to have her with them again, were considering the advisability of removing her from school, the following note was received from Hannah Whitall, whose husband, Joseph Whitall, was, at that time, Superintendent of Westtown:

"With respect to your dear children, it is cause of comfort to my mind that I can give a good account of

them. Dear Mary in particular, is, I trust, increasing in stability, and, her teachers think, very attentive to her studies and improving cleverly. On consulting with the one whose care she is most under, I find she thinks that a few months over her year would be likely to be of considerable advantage to her, so that if thou canst spare her a little longer, and it continues to be her desire to stay, I think we can encourage it."

Consent was obtained to her remaining a short time longer, and on 6th month, 23d, 1817, her father wrote to her as follows:

"It is pleasant to us to find thou art so far willing to abide our judgment about leaving school, but why not stay one month without staying three? Be very industrious and circumspect; be careful respecting thy intimates; choose well, and then be steadfast in thy friendship; but in order that this may be the case, an acquaintance and previous knowledge will be necessary. Don't have many intimates, but endeavor to be wise in thy choice; herein is much importance. Is it not time for thee to be among the best scholars in school—best and most forward in thy learning? I want thee very much to be a thoughtful, prudent, good child, and it would not hurt my feelings if it could be said e'er thou dost leave the school that thou

wert the best scholar in it. Catherine Wistar must help thee. Assist each other in everything that is good, that is truly lovely. Tell thy affectionate father all about these things. Be mindful of thy brother."

On her return from Westtown, our grandmother entered with good will into the busy, domestic life of her home. Her parents entertained a great deal of company. An extract from one of her mother's letters, written to her while at Westtown, and containing a description of the quarterly meeting held at Woodbury, gives some idea of the hospitality which they constantly exercised:

"Thy father being very unwell on fourth day, we had but three to dine with us on that day, and eight to lodge. Thy father was better on fifth day, and went to meeting, which held very late. We had a pretty large company to dine with us. Ten lodged with us on fifth day night. We had some to lodge with us on sixth day night, but were not crowded at any time."

Friends from a distance, traveling from one meeting to another, often remained for a time at Park Plain. In this way they were privileged to entertain many of superior education and

abilities, who had traveled much, and who were distinguished for their piety and usefulness. Such visitors as these were keenly appreciated, and could not fail to have a refining and cultivating effect on the eager young minds at Park Plain. There were many other visitors from Philadelphia and the adjacent towns, and much intercourse was had with the best social circle in Woodbury. Among their neighbors was the family of John S. Whitall, whose son, John M. Whitall, afterward married our grandmother. His two sisters, Hannah and Sarah, early became her friends. Their noble characters, sweet natures, and fine intellectual gifts, are still remembered by those who had the privilege of being educated in the successful school *which* they afterward established in Philadelphia.

In order to secure a time of leisure, our grandmother would rise early to perform her many duties, and find opportunity for intellectual improvement and quiet reflection. She would also frequently sit up long after the others had retired, reading, or writing to her friends. She and her brothers were delighted

readers of whatever books they could obtain. The latter coming home at night, weary and hungry, would eat very lightly at supper, in order to keep their minds clear for reading and study. In her letters, written at this period to her young friends, our grandmother often gives interested criticisms of the books she has been reading, or quotes from some of her favorite poems. She speaks, in a letter to a young cousin, of one of her brothers reading to her the history of England, while she "plied the needle." Dr. Johnson's life and writings, the works of Addison, and other classics of that period were familiar to her. She was well acquainted with the favorite poetical writers of the time. Cowper's Task, Thompson's Seasons, the works of Young, Burns, Kirke, White, and many others, were read with great pleasure, and often quoted in later life. Her early letters show that her mind was eager for improvement, and full of enthusiasm for all that was good and beautiful. All through them can be traced the refinement and elevation of thought which marked her more mature years. I remember well frequently to have heard from

her lips the sentiment, that no one should write "one line which, dying, he could wish to blot." It is certainly true of all her letters, that in them there is nothing that she need ever have regretted; and to read them is to have a lesson in purity of heart and true and conscientious living, as well as to be charmed with their spirit of warm affection, and natural sweetness and gaiety.

In 1819, a shadow fell on the happy home at Park Plain. The mother's health began to fail, and in the latter part of the year she died. This was at first an almost overwhelming blow to our grandmother. She was not yet seventeen, and upon her devolved the responsibility of filling her mother's place in the busy household. She bravely endeavored to do this, and, while quietly enduring the burden of her grief, made every effort to cheer her father, and to exercise a loving influence over her brothers. Their common sorrow drew her father and herself more closely together. The former had, for many years, been frequently absent from home accompanying, at different times, Richard Jordan, Joseph Whitall, Samuel

Bettle, and other ministers in their religious visits to different meetings. The following letter, written to his wife, four or five years before her death, gives an account of one of these journeys before the days of railroads. He was accompanying Richard Jordan to New York to attend the Yearly Meeting:

"New York: 5th month, 29th, 1815.

"My Dear H.:—Believing it will be acceptable to hear how we have fared, since leaving home, can inform, that finding Richard Jordan ready to get into the wagon, we proceeded to Burlington, where we arrived about twelve. We set out again about three, but missing our way, were, I apprehend, at least one hour later in getting into B. Clarke's than we should have been. They were, however, not gone to bed, and received and entertained us in that way, that rendered our stay agreeable and refreshing. Fifth day we dined at Brunswick. Considerable of the road from Princeton to Brunswick was exceedingly unpleasant, on account of many deep miry places, not to be avoided. We arrived at Rahway seasonably—had good road thither. It having been their monthly meeting day, we found many Friends there, amongst whom were M. and H. Collins. We lodged at Joseph Shotwell's, where I lodged twenty-five or six years

ago. They are rich, have no children—do not appear to have grown old as fast as myself. His wife is a first cousin of E. Miller, and, in many respects, a counterpart of her,—therefore thou wilt conclude justly, that we were kindly and heartily entertained. Sixth day, morning, we left Rahway, in company with M. and H. Collins for New York, finding a pleasant country and good road. We arrived at New York about twelve o'clock, and got our trunks, etc., on a wheelbarrow, and proceeded for Willet Hicks', who lives more than a mile from the ferry. We met Stephen Grellet, who sent Richard Jordan to his house to rest, and kindly conducted us to Willet's. We were there received in that way that has enabled us all to feel like being at home, in as great a degree as could be expected in a land of strangers. I went to see T. Hawkshurst seventh day morning. He lives close to the meeting-house—his house was full of Friends, and he so much engaged in kind acts on their behalf, that I did very little more than speak with him, but I intend going there again. Seventh day, I dined with Willet's son-in-law, Doctor Cheesman—drank tea at Robert Bownes' with Richard Jordan. Yesterday went with A. Clapp to a brother of his in town. Willet does not give his Friends dinner, because he and his family do not go home themselves, but I feel pretty comfortable in that respect, being acquainted with a few who do not live very far from

the meeting-house. But the town is (or a great part of it) so irregular, that I never expect to be so acquainted with it as to be able to find the way much about it.

"My health has rather improved, but the pain and soreness of my chest continue, attended with more cough than has been usual. This, and many, many other considerations are sufficient to humble me, and I hope I often feel humble, but I fear, very much fear, not enough so.

"Thou, my dear, as likewise the children, have not been long at a time out of my remembrance. May infinite goodness be near, bless and preserve you, and render you all comfortable, is the almost continual desire of thy

"J. T., Jr.

"I do not feel able to give any directions about the business—the boys will order it as they think best, with thy advice. * * * * * *

"I did not produce my minute—the kindness and good will of my friends in giving me one does me good, notwithstanding.

"I rise about my usual time—have much time in the morning by myself to read and contemplate or walk, but our breakfast time is now drawing near. Give my affectionate love to my dear father; also, father Clements, who manifested a tender solicitude

for me. Indeed, I feel quite an unusual portion of love for all my home friends, and I hope all others.

"Adieu, dear H."

After his wife's death, the absence of our great-grandfather from home, when on these missions, was especially felt. On one of these occasions, our grandmother thus writes to her friend, Lydia Lippincott, who was also motherless:

"We feel a great vacuum, when father is absent which nothing can fill. Having been deprived of one parent, 'tis natural we should cling more closely to the one we are still blessed with. I have great cause to love my father. He possesses qualities which are particularly useful to a motherless daughter. Under that head, thy Mary's name must now be enrolled. But, Lydia, is it not a comforting reflection, that we have mothers in heaven, who, perhaps, are our guardian angels, watching over us for good?"

She strove cheerfully to bear her heavy sorrow, although other trials, which surrounded her at this time, made her doubly feel the great loss she had sustained. In her letters to her intimate friends, she sometimes poured out the grief that threatened to overwhelm her.

She thus writes to Catherine Wistar:

"WOODBURY, 3d month, 15th, 1820.

"I have resumed my pen to inform thee how acceptable thy letter was, and to indulge my melancholy feelings—yes, melancholy indeed, and with cause.

"* * * 'Tis consoling to know there is a land prepared for us, where the storms and tempests of this world are not known, where all sorrow and affliction are excluded, where we may have communion with angels, and sit at the right hand of Jesus; and as this is a situation so desirable, let us redouble our exertions to obtain it. Why not forsake all the transient and unsubstantial allurements of this world for a seat in that blessed kingdom, and to secure as our friend Him who reigns therein. I have been reperusing with a great deal of pleasure, and I hope some instruction, the life of Lady Guion. Hast thou read it, and dost thou not think she was an example of Christian resignation? The patience and meekness with which she bore the manifold trials and persecutions, which were meted to her, are, indeed, instructive. It appeared to be her *pleasure* humbly to obey the Divine will, although it was to walk in an unbeaten path, and to lead a life which the world would call wretched. But to her it was glorious, as it ended in receiving for her crosses a crown, and for her self-denial and resignation, the beautiful robes of righteousness. * * *

"* * * Do, my dear C., write soon, and often, to thy sorrowing friend, and should thou attend the Yearly Meeting, I beg and entreat thee to stop, and tarry a night with me. I cannot tell thee with what joy I should clasp thee to my aching heart. That this pleasure may be granted me is sincerely the wish of

"THY CONSTANT MARY."

To the same:

"3d month, 30th, 1820.

"I have again taken up my pen—a pen that is destined to communicate the sorrowful—to assure thee how much I was obliged by thy letter, as well as to gratify my inclination by writing to one who, I think, is not unmindful of my woes. It really seems as if the floods of affliction would overwhelm me, and I should sit down in despondency. I sometimes feel as if I were in the midst of a sea, where the waves were continually roaring, thinking that with the next I should sink. But there is an invisible Arm that will support when there is no other resting place to be found, and to Him who sees and knows all things, who judges and inflicts aright, we must submit. I feel it a duty to be resigned, although the task be hard. I know that

'He portions with paternal care,
How e'er unjustly we complain—
Gives each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, grief and pain,'

and I hope I may profit by my many griefs, and try

not to live to please this world or myself, but to please Him whose searching eye can read our hearts. I was much pleased with thy plan of reading. It has been my practice for about three months to read a chapter in my Bible every evening after retiring to my chamber. I began at the New Testament, and, after getting through that, shall begin at Genesis. I have been exceedingly interested in the character of the apostle Paul. How much there is in his epistles, as well as elsewhere in the book, that is full of instruction. In his conversion, his appearance before Felix and King Agrippa, his dangerous voyage to Italy, his shipwreck on the island, and as a faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard, he manifests a bright example of Christian piety.

"A few days since, feeling oppressed with grief, and stripped of every comfort, I sought the Bible for relief, and the first words that arrested my attention on opening it were these: 'Be comforted, for I will be with you.' My despairing heart was strengthened—He will not leave his children if they seek His presence."

To her friend, Lydia Lippincott, she writes:

"Thou hast been the object of my frequent thoughts; thy form has presented itself when I have been sinking under a weight of woe, and have felt almost friendless, and I have said in my heart: 'Wert thou here thou would soothe and comfort my sorrowing lot.'"

To her cousin, William Scattergood, she writes:

"1st month, 23d, 1820.

"Never have I needed secret, silent sympathy more than of late, and often have I felt like exclaiming, with Young: 'Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me.' I hope I may cherish her memory, and not forget that 'He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.' I have yet many blessings to be thankful for, and ought not to repine at the will of unerring Wisdom. *His* aid, if rightly sought for, will undoubtedly be found. He has promised to give rest to the weary laden, and comfort those that mourn."

After this heavy trial, our grandmother's character increased in depth and seriousness, and she experienced a fuller spiritual life. Her earnest desire was often expressed, that she might learn the lessons intended for her by Him in whose love she trusted, even while He chastened her. Her letters show that her heavy sorrow taught her the insufficiency of all earthly consolations; and dear to her as was the sympathy of her friends, she turned to her Saviour as the only source of abiding strength and peace.

She thus writes to Catherine Wistar:

"6th month, 4th, 1820.

"* * * Friendship, indeed, is a soothing balm. It often invigorates the mind when sinking under the weight of woe, to know that we have friends who weep because we weep, and who sympathize in our afflictions, to know there are those who are ever ready to extend a hand and lend an arm to support. Yet that alone is insufficient. We must have recourse to a higher power, to an abler hand, to a friend, indeed, who is ever watching and always ready to assist those who humbly ask His help. Oh, why not resign our hearts to such a guardian, and cast all our cares at His feet, and try to become worthy of His love; for what is so ardently to be wished for as to feel that we are the true followers of Jesus—trusting and depending on His mercy as our Redeemer."

In many other letters, she gave expression, with great sweetness and humility, to her thoughts of heavenly things, and, without losing her brightness and vivacity, kept ever in view the serious side of life.

She had an affectionate and sisterly influence over her boy cousins, some of whom were sent from the city to Park Plain, to be under her care during the week of Yearly Meeting, when their parents' houses were filled with company.

MARY TATUM,

WHEN ABOUT EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD.

As they advanced in years, this pleasant intercourse continued, and she was made the confidante of their most serious thoughts, and often stimulated them in the right way. In a striking letter, written in her nineteenth year to one of these cousins who was about her own age, she speaks frankly and earnestly of a serious fault she had seen in him, but her rebuke is so wisely and tenderly delivered, that it could not have given offence. It was carefully preserved by him to the close of his life. It shows the same gracious tact that in later years made her granddaughters find something peculiarly sweet and endearing, even in her admonitions. Thus early she began to exercise that helpful sympathy which was a marked feature in her later life.

The earliest likeness we have of our grandmother was taken about this time. It is a silhouette, cut at Peale's museum in 1821, when she was eighteen years of age, and must have been an excellent likeness, as it bears great resemblance to her features in later life.

CHAPTER II.

1821–1830.

THE following extracts from her letters will give some idea of our grandmother's life and thoughts during the next few years. In her eighteenth year, she writes to her friend, Catherine Wistar:

"1st month, 1st, 1821.

"Another year has rapidly rolled away, and is now finally closed; thus the wheels of time incessantly roll on, and hurry us, prepared or not, toward eternity. * * * There is something very pleasing in the idea of being travelers to the blessed Canaan—following the meek and lowly Jesus; and why should I not be of the number? The path is free to all—nothing is required that ability is not given to perform, and nothing inflicted that we are not able to bear. Do teach me, my dear Catherine, how to be good—or how to resist the daily, aye hourly temptations to err. I do not believe thou has as many difficulties to contend with as I have; thou wast better in the *off-start;* therefore let me have thy sympathy for being such a

sinner. But I will not entertain thee with my wickedness any longer, but will tell thee how much obliged I was for that piece of poetry, and the letter that accompanied it. I had never seen the verses before, and admire them very much. An Englishman was here this summer who had lived many years near Hannah More. He gave me a very interesting account of her—said her dwelling was a white cottage, looking as if it might be the rural abode of an authoress, and bespoke a cultivated mind. The interior he said was very interesting. She has a talent for painting, and there were a great many specimens of her work hanging in the rooms—the scenes taken from her own writings. I am still reading Johnson's works—have just commenced his 'Tour in the Western Islands.' His 'Idler' I do not like so well as the 'Rambler.' * * * Hast thou ever seen a prayer written by Sir William Jones? It is printed in his life. If thou hast not, I will send it to thee—I think it is excellent. Tell me how thou admires the little poem enclosed? It is the production of a native genius, and I value it."

To Catherine Wistar:

"Oh, I am so disappointed thou art not coming to Woodbury this week. Observe—I pay no regard to thy 'resolutions not to come,' for I think they must have been formed in a moment of weakness. Could I

so easily leave home as my friend Catherine, I should certainly allow myself the pleasure of visiting her. But there is *but one* of me, and it generally seems proper for that one to be engaged in her father's household. I often wish I had been made into two, and certainly have enough of the evil in my composition to have spared a sister a full half, and still be possessed of an ordinary share."

To the same:

"WOODBURY, 3d month, 28th, 1821.

"In dating my letter, I have been reminded of what I otherwise should have forgotten, that this day ends for me eighteen years spent in a world, that experience has taught me, is thickly planted with thorns. * * * I have been led to take a cursory view of the many changes that have taken place in the course of my short life—how many thousands in the midst of folly have been summoned to the tribunal seat of justice—how many that rioted in all the luxury of wealth have felt the biting blasts of misfortune, and all the ills attendant on poverty! And *one* I know there is, who, in early years, walked in flowery paths, when nothing was presented to her unsuspecting heart but a succession of new delights; but that heart was not permitted to remain long in that Elysian grove—it was soon taught the sad realities of life. I blush when I think of the years of my life that are gone, and

'Where are they? How much is to be done?
My hopes and fears start up alarmed—
And o'er life's narrow verge look down
On what? a fathomless abyss, a dread eternity—
How surely mine.'"

To the same:

"10th month, 1821.

"I have determined to steal a few minutes from sleep to devote to my dear Catherine, and to tell her that I have been spending this afternoon very pleasantly at J. Whitall's, with Margaret Wright (from England) and S. Cresson. * * * Ann Maylin was also there. England and its varied changes were the interesting subjects of conversation. Elizabeth's and Mary Queen of Scot's lives and characters were compared and dilated upon. We all differed from Margaret, who gave the pre-eminence to Elizabeth. Her bold and undaunted bravery is not to be compared with the mild yet dignified fortitude of Mary, when she heard, unmoved, the unjust and severe sentence of her cousin. What an awe must have been imposed on the assembly that gathered to witness the dreadful act, and beheld her youth, beauty and talents, thus prematurely condemned to the tomb —to gratify, as I believe, a feeling of envy!

"The present reign will be one of great events, if we may call that great which is not good. I hope and believe that Queen Caroline was not as guilty as was represented, and that she has escaped from a

scene of unmerited sufferings to a land of rest—to join the kindred spirit of her daughter, who, I trust, is now one of the heavenly host.

"I am just now reading a little work, entitled 'The World without Souls.' It is a curious kind of thing. I hardly know what to make of it—although it contains some good hints, and some arguments that may be useful."

To Lydia Lippincott:

"Time rolls ceaselessly on—1822! I can hardly realize it. The three last years have flown quickly away; but they have been marked with events that are indelibly impressed on my heart—events common to humanity, but which have crushed many of my plans for future happiness, and destroyed many fond anticipations. It furnishes some useful lessons to retrace our past lives—to view the unwearied hand of affection, fondly endeavoring to guide the erring steps aright, and to remember the many favors that have descended on guilty heads—which favors are too often considered as only properly due.

"1st month, 13th.

"The above was written last first day evening, and I would not now commence under it, but that it will give thee an ocular demonstration that thou hast been remembered—yes, my Lydia, fondly remem-

bered. Each successive visit from thee is productive of more pleasure, and the bond of friendship is strengthened. I hope it will prove indissoluble—yes, I believe that year after year will roll away, and the tie that united our hearts will never be broken.

"Thy valued letter was received a few days after date. I was delighted to find thou wast not under the dominion of formality, and so glad to hear that thy health is restored. Study and literature are congenial to thy health and constitution. I shall want thee to impart some of thy knowledge to me in after days. I hope we shall spend many together, enjoying the delights of social converse, which a free intercourse affords, and which I think the female mind is particularly adapted to enjoy. That sentiment would not do were I writing to one of the brethren."

The desire expressed that the friendship above alluded to might never be broken, was literally fulfilled. When Lydia Lippincott was married, several years before our grandmother, the latter was her helpful and sympathizing friend, and served as one of her bridesmaids. Afterward, when they both lived in Philadelphia, their friendship was cemented by the similarity of their cares and interests in married

life, and of their joys and sorrows. Their children grew up together in great intimacy, and the closest friendship was maintained between the two families. Through all the vicissitudes of life, until the death of this beloved friend, there was an ever increasing sympathy and love. After this separation, the affection for the mother descended to the children, and, to the end of our grandmother's life, they, with their honored father, were among her most loving and devoted friends.

An intense love of nature, which made all her surroundings beautiful to her, and, during her whole life, caused her the greatest enjoyment, is evident in all her correspondence.

She writes to Catherine Wistar:

"WOODBURY, 5th month, 30th, 1821.

"* * * We had a very pleasant ride home—the country really looked charming; the fields of grain, the meadows, clothed with the most beautiful verdure, and the woods, resuming their inviting aspect, and adorned with flowers of various hues, presented to the mind the purity and sublimity of the Maker, and caused our thoughts naturally to arise 'from Nature up to Nature's God.'"

To the same:

"WOODBURY, 7th month, 15th, 1821.

"* * * Had I known thou wast out in that storm, thou wouldst have had my sympathy, which thou hast in storms of *every kind.* I seldom see the 'lightning's dire flash,' or hear the 'thunder's loud peal' but I think of thee—recollecting how it was in former days. These grand displays of divine power, magnificence and might, always excite in me feelings of awful sublimity, and I often think of the words of the poet,

'God is coming, God is nigh—
Hear ye not the chariot wheels
As the mighty thunders roll?'

How can any one doubt the existence of a Superior Power, when He stands confessed in all His works, yea, from the starry firmament down to the most minute particle of sand. * * * Ought we not to surrender our hearts to Him, to be anything or nothing, as may seem best in His holy sight?

* * * * * * * *

"This is a beautiful evening. The moon has just appeared above the horizon, and is gradually ascending an almost cloudless sky, diffusing light, and adding an additional beauty to the fair face of nature; and impressing upon everything a calm serenitude, of which the mind in a degree partakes. * * * The clarionet is heard beautifully from the hill, and the

flute in the 'Vale of Vaucluse.' They sound harmonious indeed, and are, to my enraptured ear, particularly grateful. Music has many captivating powers—too many, I find, for me to indulge much in it; but there is something very soothing in the soft sounds of the flute which seems 'To lull each care to rest and calm the troubled mind.' * * * Oh, do listen, Catherine! They are playing 'Hail to the Chief,' and accompanying it with their voices. All the family have retired but solitary me, and I have to enjoy it alone. The mild planet of evening is at her full, and shines clear and serene, and all nature seems to be wrapt in silent contemplation."

To the same:

"5th month, 30th, 1822.

"* * * I enjoy sitting up an hour or two after the family have all retired—particularly when the weather is sufficiently warm to admit of the doors and windows being open, that the soft beams of Cynthia may steal in. Often, when gazing on the sky, I cannot help exclaiming, with the Psalmist: 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, and the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' And again, 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.' What condescending goodness is this, and we find it in every act of his divine hand!"

ANNE BIDDLE,

IN HER TWENTIETH YEAR.

BORN, 7TH MO., 23D, 1780. MARRIED JNO. TATUM, 6TH MO., 26TH, 1822.

DIED, 9TH MO., 4TH, 1870.

In Sixth month, 1822, her father married Anne Biddle, of Philadelphia, a maiden lady of refinement and cultivation, and deep religious experience. Our grandmother accepted cheerfully this connection, and valued the new associations into which it brought her, forming warm friendships with her stepmother's favorite nieces, who became frequent visitors at Park Plain. The letters, written before her marriage by Anne Biddle to her future daughter, give evidence of the kind feelings mutually awakened by the prospect of this new tie. The two which follow are inserted to show the thoughtful consideration, with which the writer regarded the young people of the family, of which she was to become a member.

To John and Mary Tatum:

"3d month 5th, 1822.

"You will probably be surprised at receiving a note from a friend who is nearly a stranger to you; yet circumstances, with which you are acquainted, have induced me to take a deep interest in the feelings and sentiments of your hearts, and I believe it will not be departing from that propriety of conduct at which I wish, at least, to aim to address you, my dear young friends, in this manner. Your father has told

you of the steps he has taken in regard to myself, and I expect he also informed you, early after I took the subject into consideration, that your approbation must be preliminary to any conclusion in his favor. From him I learn that, as dutiful children, you made no objection to his wishes, and more than this I know I have no right to expect. I believe I can feel in a degree for you, remembering, as you do, the very excellent mother you have lost. I fear, with too much justice, that her place will be poorly supplied by the person your father has chosen, and I cannot wonder that many painful feelings should predominate in your minds; yet I still feel such a desire to have your full consent to a measure so important in its consequences to us all, that I am unwilling to consent to the very early time your father wishes for its completion, until I know your sentiments more clearly on the subject, either verbally or in writing.

"A very few lines from either of you will be satisfactory to your sincere friend,

"ANNE BIDDLE."

To Mary Tatum:

"PHILA., 4th month, 2d, 1822.

"Thy affectionate note, with its enclosure, were, my dear Mary, most grateful to my feelings, though many fears have arisen lest thy warm and youthful imagination should lead thee to expect too much from one, who feels, at times, all the weakness of human nature.

"When thy father first mentioned the subject to me, he invited me to become a mother to his children; and in consenting to his proposal my most ardent desires—may I not say my prayers—have been, that I might be enabled to perform the arduous and important duty, in a manner which would promote your happiness and my own peace of mind; yet I may acknowledge my fears for myself are often greater than my hopes.

"Now I have the pen in my hand, I may say to thee what I regretted not having said when we were together. It is my request to thee, dear Mary, that in looking toward the addition to your family, which is likely so very soon to take place, thou may make as little preparation as possible. It is my desire to be very moderate, and although education and habit may lead us to view some things in a different light, yet I hope we shall soon see through the same medium, and by a mutual desire to conform, we will, in what may be right, strengthen each other in every good word and work.

"If thou wilt gratify me in this respect, it will render it more easy for me to consent to thy 'impatient' father's wishes for an early completion of a measure which will, I trust, unite us in the bond of family harmony.

"Farewell, most affectionately,

"Anne Biddle."

When the writer of the above letters came, after her marriage, to live at Park Plain, she was met with a kind and affectionate welcome from the younger members of the family, and was ever treated by them with the greatest consideration and respect. In after years an active correspondence was maintained between her and our grandmother, which manifested, on both sides, the continuance of a tender interest and regard.

The following extracts from letters to Catherine Wistar show our grandmother's feelings at this important period of her life:

"3d month, 23d, 1822.

"* * * Thou art right, my dear Catherine, in supposing there is an important change likely to take place in our family, and one which has caused me to feel deeply and seriously. But I can now safely say it looks very pleasant—much more so than I once expected such a circumstance ever could. I doubt not I shall find in her a friend, a preceptor, and what is more endearing than either, a mother—a name which, in my view, comprehends many delights. But nothing can cast a veil of oblivion over my *own dear mother*—no circumstance can drive her image from my heart! I shall cherish her memory with fondness,

and her virtues with a desire to imitate them—for I fain would follow her to the realms of bliss where she now exists an angel. Happy thought! that I really have a mother in heaven."

To the same:

"7th month, 11th, 1822.

"* * * My home possesses a new charm, which, I think, will bind me to it very closely. It always was dear to me—so good and kind a father, and, a sister may say, such clever and amiable brothers, could not fail to make it so. But I have passed many hours which were cheerless and lonely, the gloom being heightened by the recollection of the happy days that have passed by, and the remembrance that a mother who so greatly contributed to make them such, was no more. But I have always had, and continue to have, a great deal to be thankful for, and I would never have called her back from those celestial mansions above; and now I can rejoice that her vacant place is filled by one of whom, if departed spirits could behold the passing events in this lower world, she would approve—one whom her children feel quite prepared to own as a mother. I did not believe at one time that any person could, and particularly in so short a time, feel so like a mother."

The next few years were tranquilly passed at Park Plain, occupied with daily home duties,

her books, visits to and from her friends and relatives, and an active correspondence, which was a source of great pleasure to her. She often expressed the satisfaction she had in her friends, at one time exclaiming, "It is delightful to love people."

The most marked events of this period were the marriage of her dear friend, Lydia Lippincott, and somewhat later, that of her brother John. She gayly writes to Catherine Wistar, that she expects to be "a very feeling, sympathizing, old maid," ready to help her friends on all occasions. One of these friends, Anne W. Maylin, the only one now living of a circle of young people in her neighborhood, who stimulated each other intellectually and spiritually, thus writes of their intercourse:

"My acquaintance with dear Mary Tatum began when I was scarcely fifteen years old, she being three or four years my senior. Our friendship was founded upon assimilation of intellectual and literary tastes, and religious aspirations. We were always bright and cheerful, but truly can I say that not the slightest element of frivolity entered for a moment into our almost daily intercourse. We read, walked and

talked together; delighted to compare thoughts upon our favorite authors—to stroll in the woods, and especially at evening to watch the varied and glorious sunsets."

A friend who first met our grandmother in her twentieth year, and who afterward became closely connected by marriage with her husband's family, thus writes his first impressions of her:

"Although I was introduced to Mary Tatum at an early period, yet we met so seldom, until at or near the time of her marriage, that my recollection of her is quite imperfect. In the summer of the year 1823 * * * occurred my first introduction to her. She was at that time a most interesting and lovely young girl. I have a most distinct recollection of the high estimation in which she was held in the circle of select and intelligent friends with whom she associated, and for which Woodbury was at that time noted."

The following extract from a letter to Catherine Wistar alludes to two sisters who were leading members of the above-mentioned social circle, but who were obliged on account of their father's loss of property, to leave Woodbury, and to open a school in Philadelphia.

" 8th month, 24th, 1823.

" Hannah and Sally M. Whitall expect to go the first of next month to abide in the city. They have made a great sacrifice, but with so much cheerfulness and resignation, that it has evidenced great strength and dignity of mind. They will leave a blank in our little circle, which will not be easily filled, and reduce its number to a very few. But their loss will be most sensibly felt by their mother, who does not know how she can do without her daughters. Elizabeth is becoming a fine girl and promises to be useful to her parents. How fluctuating are the things of this world! A few years since, their being reduced to this necessity would have looked very improbable."

The following letter represents pleasantly the love and esteem which our grandmother already entertained for H. and S. M. Whitall, who afterward became her sisters-in-law.

To Anne W. Maylin :

" 5th month, 14th, 1824.

" * * * I felt great regret yesterday afternoon in calling at B. P's to invite thee to accompany me in a walk, to hear thou wast out; but the disappointment was robbed of its poignancy by discovering, through our dear H. M. Whitall, this evening, that *you* were walking together—for her company is so delightful

and improving. Oh, I must tell thee of the joy I had this evening! Mother and I, after an early tea, went over to cousin J. W's, to see our lovely Sally (Whitall) and E. M. Whitall,* and it was not without a sensation of regret, that I beheld, on entering the parlor, a large company of strangers, who at another time might have possessed the power to interest. Just as I was pleasantly seated by dear Sally, and was admiring her and loving her exceedingly, the stage drove up, and to my joyful surprise were ushered in, Hannah M. Whitall, Mary Ann Cope and James Cox—all of whom thou knowest we think *first rate.* Hannah, I should suppose, would diffuse pleasure wherever virtue and excellence are admired, there is so much unfeigned modesty, blended with such cultivated intelligence and strength of mind. M. A. C. is really so beautiful and elegant, that I love to think of her. She possesses a kind of dignity and loveliness peculiar to herself; and J. Cox always seems strikingly to evince the man of mind. Our interesting friend, Lucy, was there too, whom it is very easy to love. It is truly delightful to contemplate the varied excellence of such characters.

* * * * * * * * *

"I should particularly like to have a tete-a-tete with thee now, but, as that is unattainable, we will rejoice in the happy power of loving each other, though person-

*Afterward Elizabeth Tatum.

ally not nigh, and may we, my dear Anne, endeavor to aid each other in every respect toward *perfect* life.

"* * * I have reviewed with much pleasure thy last visit—our pleasant walk in the woods, seeming as though we had left the busy world, and feeling, in the undisturbed serenity of outward objects, the joy of close communion. A degree of that quiet retirement has become so habitually necessary to me, that I generally feel a much higher enjoyment in the society of a friend in the country, than I do with the same friend in the midst of a bustling city. It is a weakness, I know—the mind should rise above the influence of such circumstances, but I think mine is remarkably the slave of outward situation. Let us at least have high aims—to quote from a letter of my dear uncle Josiah: 'Press forward with persevering industry, for Sir Philip Sidney truly said, that he who aims at the mid-day sun, although he is sure he never can reach it, will get much higher than he who only aims at a bush or a tree.' Let us, dear Anne, as we are endeavoring to advance, carefully examine our motives at every step—for it is of the first importance that the origin of our actions be pure, when we remember there is an Eye that can see the moving spring. * * * I have not time to say more, my dear Anne, than that I am glad I love thee, and I hope this love will ever exist in the heart of thy

"Mary Tatum."

To Lydia L. Scull:

"9th month, 5th, 1824.

"Dost thou wonder with me, dearest Lydia, that I should suffer so much time to elapse since hearing the joyful intelligence, transmitted though thy sister H., before I should venture to congratulate thee upon the *happy event.* My feelings have been indescribable upon the occasion, and I thought I must write immediately to H., to give them vent. * * * And now, I hope, my dear Lydia is *brave* enough to listen to me, while I speak of this interesting little being, whom I am so anxious to see. But I have had a very interesting view of him this afternoon, in a dream, for I was no sooner asleep than I took flight to Whitehall—went marching into your front door, stepped into the chamber down stairs, and there I beheld thee seated, very matronly, in a rocking chair, engaged in the very act of dressing a sweet, lovely-looking little object, which proved to be this distinguished personage, Gideon Scull. Now I dreamed this with my eyes shut. Abby was standing by, and it was a very interesting scene. * * * But hear what my first exclamation was upon entering the room: 'Oh, do take care, or thee will let him fall and break him.' * * * Indeed, it seems wondrous strange, and I cannot realize such things as—mother—son—appertaining to my dear Lydia.

* * * * * * * *

"I think thee ought to be very good, my dear Lydia. Thou hast much to be thankful for—thou hast indeed many blessings! Such a combination of circumstances are not often attendant on young married ladies, and I rejoice in thy happiness, and ardently wish for its continuance.

* * * * * * * *

"Yes, my dear Lydia, is not ours a sister's love which can never be effaced—will it not continue through all the changes of this world, and may we not hope for its endurance through all eternity?"

To Catherine Wistar:

"11th month, 25th, 1825.

"* * * I sometimes think it is a sad thing to live in *this* generation,* and yet there is no other set of people with whom I should have liked to have been on the stage of existence. And I am *glad* I slipped into the world about the same time my dear Kitty did, and I trust thou will aid me in stepping through it—point out some of the dangerous places, and, by taking the right road thyself, show me which way I ought to go."

To a cousin, after the death of his father:

"7th month, 7th, 1824.

"Thy letter, my dear cousin, of yesterday, informing us of the indisposition of cousin J., excited much feel-

* Referring to some doctrinal difficulties among Friends.

ing within me on your account—although I had not ceased to mingle in your sorrows—for, indeed, they have engrossed my attention almost to the exclusion of every other subject, and I have felt it to be a privilege 'To weep with those who weep.' Having been taught in a similar school, I know in a degree how to feel for the afflicted. There is a keen pang when the strongest earthly tie is broken, and there is a peculiar kind of grief in it, which only those who have realized it, can know. Yet it seems as if to sorrow would be selfish, when we believe that they, who were lately subject to all the tribulations of this world, are gathered unto true rest. When thinking of the peculiar trials which awaited him for whom we mourn, I regard it as an extension of heavenly love and mercy that thus, in the midst, he should be taken to a continuing city, where sorrow cannot come, and where the prayers of ungodly men cannot make him afraid. Let not selfish feelings, my dear cousin, prevent us from seeing the condescending kindness mingled with this blow, which I trust has been in mercy sent—perhaps to lead thee, my cousin, into the reality of self abasement, where true humility can only be found; to draw thee from a world which cannot confer real happiness, to that unfailing source from whence it springs. I ardently desire it for thee, and crave it for myself. I feel, and I think I feel with thee, how all

important it is that thou shouldst endeavor to stand firm to what is right now. Thy character will now display itself, and I expect to behold in it many excellencies. Thy energy will now be called into action in the large field of usefulness which is spread before thee. Thou canst do much to mitigate the sorrows of thy widowed mother, who will need all the consolation her children can impart. Indeed, my dear cousin, I think many duties are pending on thee, but do not suppose that I even fear thou wilt be remiss in the performance of them—only I do so ardently desire that thou mayst fulfill every one, and do *exactly right*, that I cannot avoid the expression of it. Thou, my cousin, wilt regard it as the effect of that love which our late intercourse has, I hope, strengthened and renewed. I have, indeed, felt much for thee. I have desired much for thee, and chiefly that thou shouldst obtain the approbation of our Father in Heaven, without which, I trust, we have both felt we cannot hope for true peace."

To the same:

"2d month, 20th, 1825.

"* * * I expect thou hast read Richard Shackleton's letters, and been interested in them. He was, indeed, truly honorable, possessing a rare combination of all that could be desired in a man, or hoped for in a christian. I should like my cousin to aim at making such a character, or perhaps I should rather say, aim

at doing right—and be great, just in the measure which Infinite Wisdom sees best. It does not do to make any man a standard by which to measure our actions—but compare them with that most holy Pattern which the gospel holds out for imitation. Yet it stimulates us to read of, or have intercourse with, those who are truly good, and I think there is no privilege I value more highly than the society of the learned, intelligent and pious, whose conversation informs and instructs—and we both, my dear cousin, have much to be thankful for, in that way. Let us join in endeavoring to make some return, worthy of the many blessings which have always been dispensed to us, although equal to them it could never be. Dost thou not often, my dear cousin, desire to be of the number of the 'pure in heart,' although thou sayst, in an unwatchful moment, that it is in vain for thee to try to do any good thing, for thou 'cannot be rescued from misery'? Are those blessed promises, which were made for all men, withheld from thee? Is the Divine arm shortened that it cannot save? or His ear deafened that it cannot hear? No, I believe every cry, yes, every feeble wish, which is raised in the secret of the heart for holy help, will be regarded by Him, who knows all that passes there; and although it is a blessing to have our sins set in array before us, yet we ought not from their atrocity, to limit or distrust the power of the Almighty. He has said: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall

be white as snow'—and we ought constantly to remember that the day of His gracious invitation may not always last, and believe that now is the acceptable time, and to-day is the day of salvation. It is easy, my dear cousin, to perceive what would be right, and I find it as difficult as thou canst, to regulate the world within, and as yet can claim no more than to desire to be one of the followers of Him, who was 'meek and lowly of heart.' I have just reached the end of the Old Testament, which I have been reading, with much interest, and now wish to go regularly, attentively, and, I hope, instructively through the New. Wilt thou not commence with me, my dear cousin, that I may have the satisfaction of knowing we are similarly and profitably engaged? I am particularly anxious that thou should join me in perusing it, although we cannot be personally together. I do not suppose that thou neglects this valuable book—but I think an attentive and industrious perusal might be profitable.

* * * * * * * *

"The freedom with which I have written, I hope thou wilt accept, my dear cousin, as a proof of my affectionate interest. I have felt, and hope ever to feel warmly interested in thy welfare—and there are few who can more feelingly sympathize in thy joys and sorrows, or who would rejoice more sincerely in thy advancement in everything that would dignify and exalt.

"Thy attached cousin, MARY T."

To the same:

"PARK PLAIN, 4th month, 6th, 1825.

"It is but a poor way to oblige a friend, to take up the pen, when one feels indisposed for almost any employment—but I have felt such an inclination to give my dear cousin a little proof of his being often, very often affectionately remembered, that I am induced to make the attempt at a late hour in the evening. I trust thou wilt not be wanting in charity, if I am dull in expressing that interest, which has ever prompted me to embrace thy welfare in its most extended view. Yes, my cousin, thy welfare is often the object of my most ardent desires, and I do not, I cannot, anticipate any other, than that thou wilt be dignified as a man, and exalted as a Christian. Do not, my dear cousin, frustrate the hopes of many friends, and the intentions of Him who has designed to bless thee, by refusing again and again to accept the offers of His redeeming power, which are as efficient in this day, as at any former period, although it seems indeed, that temptations and difficulties do abound in every situation. Perhaps they are as many and as formidable in the quiet of our retired abode, as in the dangerous variety of a city life. Although in the country there is not so much to hinder a blameless line of conduct, yet it is equally hard to regulate the internal sphere, and to maintain that uprightness of

heart and purity of motive, which can alone satisfy a soul seeking the approbation of Him who beholds its inmost recesses. But, my dear cousin, however we may feel the infirmities of our frail nature, let us not distrust that saving Power who redeemed the penitent thief, even on the cross, and to whom all things are possible. Let us endeavor to be thankful that He has not left us without a consciousness of our undone state. Indeed, there is nothing more conspicuous than the long-suffering patience and enduring mercy of His condescending goodness. I, my cousin, have as much need of craving a continuance of it as thou canst have. Notwithstanding the exaggerated picture thou hast drawn of self, thy heart probably is as pure as hers, who, with more artfulness, may conceal the multitude of sins. Therefore let us humbly and reverently desire a qualification to pray for each other, that we may not be left without the reproofs of instruction."

* * * * * * * *

To Catherine Wistar:

"PARK PLAIN, 12th month, 10th, 1828.

"Father and mother set off this morning and left me to reign sole mistress of the mansion. I miss our Jo very much upon such occasions, not being accustomed to being left so fatherless and motherless and brotherless.

"* * * This governing others is what I do not fancy, particularly as the most important part of it lies in governing oneself. It is a very difficult thing to regulate servants—to be entirely just toward them, and to do unto them as we would they should do unto us. The duty toward them is much more arduous than toward children, where the affection prompts to every act that will promote their happiness or welfare. But the poor servants do not, I fear, always get that attention and instruction which He who is no respecter of persons, designs for them. Yet although their situation as a class of people seems hard, they generally appear cheerful and happy, and, if they did but know it, escape many cares and anxieties and perplexities, which those feel who rule over them."

To Lydia L. Scull:

"2d month, 25th, 1824.

"Thou asks, dear L., respecting my visit to Philadelphia. It was productive of much pleasure. I saw a great variety of interesting characters, yet was quite willing, at the expiration of two weeks, to return to the more tranquil and retired enjoyments of the country.

"I went to see Hannah and Sally Whitall several times. They appear very cheerful and happy. The consciousness of being so useful must impart great joy to their situation. They are very neatly and prettily established, and have twenty-four scholars. They feel

keenly just now at parting with their good brother, who expects to be from them so long."

To Anne W. Maylin :

"Park Plain, 6th month, 18th, 1827.

"* * * It will be three weeks to-morrow since I came home, and I think I have rarely felt more delighted than when I was landed at my father's door. It was a most sweet, calm evening, and everything seemed tranquilly joyous. I wondered that one so unworthy should have so many blessings—were they meted out to us according to our merits, how very few would some of us possess! The emotions called forth by such undeserved blessings are expressed by Addison, where he says: 'It transports the soul in wonder, love, and praise.'

* * * * * * * *

"Mickle Whitall, with his 'sisters three,' and Catherine West, came over last Seventh day evening. There is great joy and rejoicing over Mickle, who meets the affectionate attentions of his sisters with the same warmth with which they are bestowed. They did not know he was near them, until they saw him. Sally was the first to take the hint. Upon receiving a message from their father that there was a stranger in the parlor, she said: 'Oh, it is brother!' and flew down stairs to meet him."

The "good brother," Mickle Whitall, above alluded to, was John M. Whitall, whom she afterward married. His safe return from his long sea voyages was always a time of general rejoicing among his friends, and was an opportunity, carefully embraced by him, of cultivating further acquaintance with Mary Tatum. For some years, he had secretly cherished thoughts and hopes in relation to her, and on his voyages had marked his own especial invoices of goods with her initials, but he had not felt at liberty to ask her in marriage. He believed that, while he continued his sea-faring life, an engagement to him would cause her much anxiety and suffering, and this he unselfishly wished to spare her. She, in the meantime, was entirely ignorant of his thoughts concerning her, but she had formed a very high opinion of him, which is expressed in the two following extracts from her correspondence:

To Sarah M. Whitall:

"3d month, 26th, 1825.

"Thy Aunt Hannah kindly obliged us by reading those letters of thy excellent brother. It was a

privilege I thought you would not deny us. They must have given you great joy to receive. It is a happiness to have such a brother. Surely his way will be made in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters, whilst, with so much humility and devotedness of heart, he confidingly trusts in Him who has promised never to forsake those who rely on His name."

To Catherine Wistar:

"Sally Whitall is so engaged with her brother, that, I fear, we shall not find it practicable to visit thee. He expects to sail the twentieth of this month. They possess in such a brother an inestimable treasure, and happily are fully sensible of his worth." [She innocently adds]: "I, like thee, had thought of Mickle and —— at some distant day joining heart and hand. They seemed so well adapted to each other, that I really regretted hearing of her present prospects."

Years afterward, John M. Whitall wrote as follows, concerning his early impressions of her:

"On one occasion, after the removal of our family to Philadelphia, when she was in the city on a visit, she took tea with my sisters, and I waited on her in the evening to her aunt Ann Scattergood's. It pleased my Heavenly Father at this time, to give me such a

sense of her excellence, that I was fully impressed she would be a suitable companion for me, if the way opened therefor. Ever after that she held a place in my thoughts, until the right time came for making it known to her. I recollect that when, in younger years, we used to meet in the streets of Woodbury, I had always been particularly struck with the sweetness of her appearance, which impression has never left me to this day, now in my sixty-ninth year."

On leaving the sea, in 1829, John M. Whitall felt that the time had at last come, when he could rightly make known his feelings.

Our grandmother delayed awhile her answer to his proposal, chiefly because, with the humility which always characterized her estimate of herself, she feared her own unworthiness to take upon her the cares and responsibilities of married life; and was unaware how pre-eminently she was fitted to grace the position of wife and mother. The engagement was not entered into until both had faithfully sought divine guidance and blessing, and a strong feeling had arisen in each heart, that the other would be found a true helper in the heavenward path. After the decision was arrived at, she

thus records, in her diary, some of her feelings about it:

"4th month, 18th, 1830.

"It has been, indeed, a most serious subject to decide upon, and I could not have acceded, however inviting the offer might have been, without the approbation of my friends, and a belief that it was not contrary to the Divine will. Indeed, in some things in connection with it, it seems as if we might trace the hand of a kind Providence, yet I have felt quite too unworthy to dare to look for His merciful interference on my own account, but have hoped and believed that the beloved friend, who is equally interested with myself in the decision, was an object of His peculiar regard. I trust that he would not be permitted, in so serious a matter and with such sincere desires to do right, to go astray, and I feel quite willing now, to believe that he is intended to be a *help*, meet for me—most valuable, good and kind."

The extracts which follow are taken from the same diary, and were written shortly after this, on her return from Philadelphia, where she had been attending the Yearly Meeting:

"4th month, 25th, 1830.

"Spent last week in Philadelphia—attending our Yearly Meeting, which was a very interesting, favored

season. * * * Many important and deeply interesting subjects claimed the attention of the meeting, and were deliberated upon in much harmonious exercise. A very precious memorial respecting Hannah Evans, also one concerning our beloved, excellent friend, Sarah Cresson, were read—and deeply affecting was it to many minds to have them thus brought before the meeting, where their loss was keenly felt and their vacant places remained unfilled.

"There was also read a most instructive testimony relative to Lucy Hartshorne—a very young woman who had been afflicted with most peculiar sufferings, and favored with remarkable patience, resignation and sweetness. It was altogether a privileged opportunity, but I fear I allowed the things of this world, the interests and attachments of this life, to hinder me from improving it. Oh, if He with whom we have to do was not a God of mercy and infinite compassion, what would become of some of us!

"A most excellent epistle was read from the Women's Yearly Meeting in London. After it was concluded, Abigail Barker arose, saying she felt bound to acknowledge if she was at all acquainted with the witness for Truth, it was met by the language of that epistle—that it was truly a most sympathetic and seasonable salutation peculiarly adapted to our present situation. Elizabeth Meader also said it had been very acceptable to her, and she had rejoiced in the evidence

it afforded, that Truth speaks the same language everywhere—and that although the mighty deep rolled between, we might by the fellowship of the Gospel be drawn very near together, and enabled to bear one another's burdens.

"The last sitting, Seventh day afternoon, was also a very solemn one. Ann Jones knelt near the close of it, and most fervently supplicated for the preservation of all—acknowledging the continued unmerited mercies and favors, which from season to season had been dispensed. My mind was much occupied, throughout the meeting, with Philip's petition to the blessed Master, when he said: 'Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us,' and the reply: 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?' He could not have known that the lowly Jesus, who stood before him, was indeed the Prince of Peace. And so perhaps it is with many in the present day—they are looking out for some glorious and brilliant manifestations, and listen not to the gentle voice of Christ, who is standing at the door and knocking, and they turn from Him because of humble appearances, and say: 'Can this be He?'"

John M. Whitall and Mary Tatum passed meeting 9th month, 28th, 1830. Our grandmother thus notes the occasion:

"This has been an important day to me, and one of deep interest—wherein, in our monthly meeting, I made with my beloved J. M. Whitall a public acknowledgment of intention of marriage. I should speak of it as a day of favor too—one in which I was made to feel my own nothingness and great unworthiness. While we were sitting in silence, I was favored to see, and also a little to feel, the unspeakable importance of loving the Lord above all things, and the great danger there is of earthly affections getting the ascendancy. In the last meeting, just after J. M. W. and I had declared our intentions, E. E. arose and said, it had been the earnest breathing of her spirit, for the young couple, 'that they might unite to honor Him, who died for them, to serve Him in the way He would have them to do, and to love Him above all things.' A sincere desire was raised in my heart, that thus it might be—that we might unite to serve and honor Him, who hath done so much for us. We are both, I believe, convinced that 'tis in vain to seek happiness in anything short of the favor and love of Jesus—yet such is the weakness, frailty and sinfulness of my nature, that I fear I shall prove a hindrance to one who is desirous of making straight steps in the narrow way. Oh! dare I look up to Heaven, and ask for a little strength and ability to walk consistently and circumspectly in the path that is opening before me?"

There had been grave doubts whether the ceremony of "passing meeting" could be accomplished at this time, because of the indisposition of several members of the household. The following extract from a letter to her beloved Catherine Wistar, written the evening of the eventful day, speaks of her difficulties and regrets:

"PARK PLAIN, 9th month, 28th, 1830.

"MY VERY DEAR CATHERINE:—Do give me credit for being able, with perfect calmness, to take up the pen, after having gone through with the exercising ceremony of to-day, and, at the same time, believe me when I say that I have very few friends to whom I could write just now. But I have so lamented thy absence, that I must relieve myself by venting my regrets. I was most sadly disappointed last Sixth day, and on Seventh day hoped and feared, and have been looking and hoping ever since—but thou came not. I concluded that either indisposition had prevented thee, or thou had heard an exaggerated account of our sickness. 'Tis true we have all been sick by turns, and last week it looked very little like our being able to proceed this. I should have given out at once, had it not been for John M. Whitall's earnestness, and my friends encouraging me to go on. Very favorably to

our wishes, all the family seem pretty well just now, although William has had a chill since meeting, and Joseph feels rather indisposed. I felt sometimes last week quite sad, and as if I hardly knew what to do—many urging me to go on, and I shrinking from it, unless they were all able to be out. * * * But at its close I may acknowledge that it has been altogether more comfortable than I anticipated, and has been a day of favor. John M. Whitall, his three sisters and Sarah B. Thompson did not come over until this morning; and among their earliest inquiries was the question: 'Isn't Catherine here?' We took the consent of both fathers in writing. It was quite a trial that cousin J. Whitall should also have to be absent from meeting, but uncle Josiah accompanied Mickle, and we made out to say audibly what was necessary to be said. William Evans and wife were most acceptably at meeting. They came down this morning, accompanied by cousin William Scattergood. * * * * *

"* * * Thy letter was received after meeting, and raised grateful feelings in my heart for thy affection and kindness. I do not wonder that some of thy friends were unwilling that thou should come here just now, but it has been a great disappointment to me not to have thee at this crisis. Thou very kindly says thou art at my 'service,' and I think myself highly favored in having such a friend to call upon. But, perhaps, thou would think me uncommonly covetous

in my desires, if I were to tell thee just what would be agreeable to my wishes—to come as soon as thou can, and stay until after the final consummation. Thou will not want a new dress I should think, as there is going to be great simplicity—not, however, because of *my* great fondness for it—and we shall have very little form and ceremony, and thou need not feel as if coming to a wedding. For bridesmaids and groomsmen, we had thought of Benjamin Whitall and Sally, thyself and brother Joseph (if thou will have the youth to wait upon thee), E. M. Whitall, and George Haverstick; and I tell Sarah B. Thompson she will be one *incognita.* Write me word when Joseph may come for thee, and if it should become more sickly, either in our family or around us, I will let thee know. Father and mother appear to be getting well. Father has been very sick; mother had a few chills which reduced her very much. Thy tedious correspondent is very well, as thou may judge by the length of this, written at a late hour.

"P. S.—I expect I shall leave *home*, to *go home* very soon after I give up my name—probably the next day. It is strange, is it not, that one will do so—leave all the friends that one has always known and loved, and go? I have set my heart upon getting thee in some way to Philadelphia, to live!"

Although the wedding was not for five or six weeks after this date, yet the illness which had

prevailed at Park Plain and in the neighborhood, did not entirely pass away. Even the bride elect was not exempt, but had a slight return of indisposition a short time before the day appointed for the marriage, and there was much rejoicing as she overcame it, and resumed her usual health.

One day, not very long before our grandmother's death, I went into her room, where she was engaged in looking over and destroying a great number of old letters, which had been preserved for many years. I can see now her dearly-loved form bending over the papers, and her playful and affectionate expression, as she handed me the following note, telling me I might keep it if I wished. It has been among my treasures ever since—the last note written by her to our grandfather, before their wedding day.

Mary Tatum to J. M. Whitall:

"I have just written a hasty note to Hannah and Sarah, and feel unwilling to lay down the pen, without saying a word or two to thee, my beloved friend. I wonder if it will be the last time I shall write to thee as Mary Tatum. If so, let my pen repeat the assurance

of sincere affection, accompanied with a hope, that in resigning my name to thee, it will be given up to one, who will prove a guide, a counsellor and friend—who will be a strength and help to a very weak and erring one. I think I have at times very sincerely desired, that we may unite in earnest endeavors to dwell near the lowly Jesus—having the same aim, and minding the same rule, and consequently we would dwell very near each other. But, alas! I am very much a stranger in the way of holiness, and often fear I shall be very far from such a companion, which, as a religious man, thou art entitled to, and think I have a security in looking toward thee, which thou canst not feel. Mother is conversing with Catherine very animatedly —but I find it very easy, in the midst of interesting company, to turn the channel of silent thought toward thee —not that I love my friends the less, but thee the more. Wast thou in time for the stage, and how didst thou get home, and art thou not writing me a very interesting letter this eve? If so, I am very much obliged, which thou canst not be, for this scrawl from thy

"MARY T."

She evidently was not wrong in supposing that a letter was preparing for her, and the following extract from it shows how harmonious they were, in the desire that their union with

each other might strengthen them in a higher and more devoted christian life.

J. M. Whitall to Mary Tatum:

"10th month, 31st, 1830.

"This is the last of the Tenth month, and five days more, if nothing occurs unpropitious to my ardent wishes, I shall receive my dearest Mary in the holy relation of wife. It is at this time, and it has been very constantly, my desire that I may be favored so to act, that she may never repent having resigned herself to my care. I trust it shall always be my greatest pleasure, next to my duty to my Creator, to contribute to her happiness. I hope thou, my beloved M., expects to find in thy friend many imperfections, and will make up thy mind to be very lenient toward his faults. In looking toward next Sixth day, I cannot help feeling very anxious, lest my unworthiness of thy hand may still prevent my expected happiness. We often see so many accidents happening between engagements and the consummation, that many fears present themselves, and in reflecting thereon I have desired that resignation might be attained—that come what will, we may not be surprised. I sometimes wonder if thou ever thinks of repenting of thy choice, and indulges a wish to draw back before it is too late. For my part, I have always considered that I was

seeking a treasure that I did not deserve, and that if obtained, much good would accrue to me therefrom, and hence I have never had a misgiving thought, nor doubted *my* doing well. In this, our intended union, my dearest M., I hope it may be the earnest prayer of both, that the Lord Jesus will honor us with His blessing, and will condescend to care for us and preserve us in humility before Him—humbly depending upon His bounty for food and raiment both inward and outward. Let us, in the first place, seek for the clothing of our spirits with the calm and quiet covering of that grace which can alone keep out of the hurry and dissipation of the world, and then we may have for sustaining food that Bread which cometh down from Heaven. I have no doubt if thus we are favored, we shall be provided for, in the things of this world.

* * * * * * * *

"Shall I not receive another letter from my lovely and dear Mary *Tatum*, and shall I yet again write to the same loved friend before she takes my name? Do, please, if the least time offers, write to me once more before the fifth of the coming month. Dost thou remember that the fourth will be, if I live, my thirtieth birthday? The little of thy company I enjoyed while in the city last, has only made me feel desirous to have more of it, and the days seem very tardy in their course. I always found, when at sea, that the nearer we approached our port, the more impatient I became

of any delay, and I now find myself in pretty much the same condition. Dost thou pity me?

"Farewell, my truly beloved Mary, and feel assured of having the entire love of thy affectionately attached,

"J. M. WHITALL."

CHAPTER III.

1830–1850.

ON 11th month, 5th, 1830, our grandmother was married. In our grandfather's memoir is an account, written by him, many years after, of "that beautiful day," when, he says: "I was given by my Heavenly Father, the very sweetest wife upon this earth." I remember hearing it said by a friend, that he loved to walk on the street where he was likely to meet John and Mary Whitall, for her sweet face, and his frank and cordial bearing, seemed to radiate a cheering influence over all who met them. No less bright a picture must they have presented, as they left the old meeting-house at Woodbury, which surely never sheltered a lovelier bride, nor witnessed the beginning of a happier and more devoted union. It must have been a sad hour at Park Plain, when the only daughter of the house bade farewell to the family circle she loved so dearly, and in which she had filled such an important place.

Before she had fully entered into her engagement with John M. Whitall, she had written thus to him of her beloved home:

"Thou art conscious of possessing a 'small place' in my regard, and might be even of holding a conspicuous place, without missing it. To esteem thee is no new feeling—although to think of thee in the character in which thou now comes before me, is new, and I can hardly familiarize myself with the idea. And when I recollect that such thoughts and feelings, if not suppressed, may draw me from my beloved father's house, where a long list of kindnesses and sorrows, comforts and afflictions, of broken ties and fond associations and still cherished affections, strongly bind me—I shrink back, and feel it is much easier to think of *thee*, than of *that*. This truly has been the spot where, from earliest childhood, my interests have been located. I have always rejoiced in living just here, and sometimes it seems very strange to me, that I have admitted feelings, that might eventuate in leading me into so new a path."

Sad as it was to leave the old life, after she had once unreservedly given her heart, she went forth in perfect trust and confidence to unite in forming a new home for them both, which was to be, for three generations, the

centre of all that was bright and good and helpful.

The newly-married couple went, the day after the wedding, to Philadelphia, where their first home was in a large old-fashioned house at the corner of Seventh and Race streets. This was the residence of their aged father, John S. Whitall, and his daughters, who were at that time much occupied with their school. The young couple assumed the entire charge of the home, which was brightened by the addition of new furniture, provided by the bride. The warmest affection already existed between her and her husband's sisters. In a letter written to J. M. W. during her engagement, she thus speaks of them:

"I recollect two or three months since, thou told me that I did not know thy sister Hannah, and dwelt upon her virtues and her worth. I believed all thou said, but now I am finding it out for myself—and I do, indeed, hope to find sisters in thy sisters. Sally I have loved, long before her brother was an object of particular interest—although that brother now seems somehow to have secured to himself the first place."

Her expectations of loving and intimate

sisterly intercourse were fully realized, and throughout their lives this was a great source of enjoyment. In 1845, the eldest sister, Hannah, was married to Joseph Tatum, our grandmother's younger brother, and this formed a still closer bond of union.

Mention has been made in our grandfather's memoir of the loving little notes that he occasionally sent to his wife from his place of business. The following was written just a week after their marriage, and the reply was her first note to him signed with her new name:

"11th month, 12th, 1830.

"My dear Love:—Do not be surprised at receiving a letter from me, when so near—but having time, and, as thou mayst feel assured, inclination also, I could not resist the desire to say that my heart feels itself as firmly thine (if not more so) now as ever, and that thy company has only increased my love. I hope thou, my dear Mary, wilt find thine a comfortable home; it is my earnest wish to make it so, and I shall feel much distressed if I fail in my endeavors to render it such. I send, by John Murdoch, the sugar put up in pound papers, and with it a set of scales and weights, which I hope are the right sort. * * * This looks like a dull day for

business, and I seem about as dull. Hast thou any good to spare? If, through the day, thou art permitted mentally to approach the Throne of Grace, oh, then remember thy weak and frail J. M. W., who stands in much need of thy smpathy and helping prayers! If the Lord help us not, we shall certainly come to nothing, and, in reflecting upon my prospects, I sometimes feel that *for* all, I must *give* all. Oh, that we may be enabled to give our *all* to Him who only can bless our union and make us happy in each other! Prayer, I know, is our only refuge; let us therefore pray—and then He who heareth prayer will doubtless incline unto us, and bless our going out and coming in, in basket and in store. My heart, at times, is affected under a sense of divine goodness to me, a most unworthy one, with the query in what, or in what way, shall I repay such kindness, or how can I *for* all, *give* all? I expect thou art in the midst of thy goods and chattels—packing and unpacking. If I thought thee disengaged, I do not know but that I should come round myself to bring these articles, as an *excuse*—though all hands are inclined to give to my visits home their real meaning, notwithstanding what I may insinuate to the contrary.

"Would it not be best to send John down with that cake and letter to thy aunt? If thou wouldst like to send him just now, I have told him to go directly.

"Please do not take cold by staying too long up

stairs in the cold. Thou can hardly tell how much I feel concerned for thy well being in every way.

"Farewell, my dearest love, and accept the affectionate salutation of thy own attached,

"J. M. W."

Mary Whitall to J. M. Whitall:

"My beloved Husband:—Thy very kind note, with the accompanying scales, etc., just came to hand, and, while John has gone to Aunt Ann's, according to thy thoughtful proposition, I take up the pen hastily to reciprocate all thy affectionate feelings, and acknowledge obligations to thee for all thy kindness and thy love. I have the most entire confidence, dear, in thy wish and in thy power to make me comfortable—and doubt not I shall find the home to which thou hast brought me, a very pleasant abiding place—and that daily experience will prove to me, that he to whom I have given myself, is worthy of a better friend. Ah! my dearest, I wish we may feel our dependence upon that beneficent holy Friend, who has done so much for us, and whose mercies are new every morning. May we be concerned to render unto Him a daily sacrifice—not indeed of that which costs us nothing; but for myself I have truly much cause to fear, and often feel as if *my* prayers would not reach the ear of Omnipotence—as if I could hardly hope to be heard.

"Why dost thou feel dull? If it were in my power

to dispel sadness, thou wouldst never feel so. I must stop, with the assurance of the warm and sincere love, of thy own

"MARY WHITALL."

One of her interests during the first winter after her marriage was a reading circle of which she thus writes to Catherine Wistar:

"1st month, 23d, 1831.

"I expect E. Davis told thee of the reading circle at C. Morris's, which we found exceedingly interesting. What a beautifully polite, intelligent, consistent, Quaker lady thy Cousin Catherine is! The first evening that we met, we sat some time in silence, which she broke by saying, very sweetly: 'It is very pleasant to see you all, dear friends, and I feel thankful for the aspiration raised in my heart since we met, that our thus associating together might be blessed unto us.' The work we are reading is Thockford's 'Connection between Sacred and Profane History'—which leads to a close and interesting scrutiny into the earliest ages of the world, and compares the accounts of heathen writers with those of the sacred historians. We meet three evenings in the week. It occupies a good deal of our time, but is a much more satisfactory way of spending it than in formal visiting. There are a great many sources of enjoyment open to us in the city, and a great many favors dispensed."

To Catherine Wistar:

"12th month, 4th, 1831.

"The Lord has truly been very kind to me, and I have many, many blessings—a husband who is unremitting in his efforts to promote my comfort in every way, and, notwithstanding all thy prejudices in favor of single life, I think a married one, with all its cares, anxieties and responsibilities, far more conducive to comfort and happiness."

Our grandmother became interested at this time, in conjunction with her beloved Sarah B. Thompson and others, in the formation of an association for establishing an "Infant School" for the children of Friends. The school went into operation in Tenth month, 1831, and was successfully superintended by the above-named Friend for a number of years. In common with the other members of the Association, our grandmother had regularly appointed times to visit the school, and witness its conduct and the progress of the scholars. As soon as her children became old enough to be pupils, she very thankfully put them under the tuition of this dear Friend, and always gratefully remem-

bered the care and interest that was exercised on their behalf.

On 2d month, 27th, 1832, her first child was born, and named Hannah Tatum. With this little daughter, she spent most of the following summer, either at the old home at Woodbury, or at Oakland, the residence of her brother John, near Wilmington, Delaware. Philadelphia, at that time, was threatened with the cholera, and for this reason it was thought safer to remain in the country. An active correspondence was kept up between husband and wife, and the visits of the former were as frequent as his business would allow. During this summer our grandparents were considering the subject of establishing a household separate from their father and sisters, and finally decided to do so. The following extracts are taken from letters written at this period.

M. Whitall to J. M. Whitall:

"OAKLAND, 7th month, 1832.

"'Tis evening, and our babe sleeps—while thoughts of the husband and father beloved, come so vividly before me, that I am constrained to take up the pen

and indulge in this silent intercourse. But it will not half satisfy the void which this heart ever feels, when he who possesses its warmest affections, is away.

* * * * * * * *

"It is indeed a serious time in the world, and I do not like to be much separated from thee, my husband, my helper. How didst thou get home? I hope a letter will soon inform me it was comfortably, and that thou found all things well. After parting with thee, and doing a few errands, we pursued our way homeward—little Hannah opening her eyes and looking about so brightly and joyously, that it would seem as if she had almost a sympathy with the smiles of nature. She has been very good. I often wish thou couldst see her just at moments when she is full of infantine loveliness. She is a great deal better—eats, drinks, laughs and cries as becomes an infant; takes her seat very regularly at my right hand at the table, and with a crust of bread, which even I allow her, is very quiet and unobtrusive. Sister M. and I took our babies and the syllabub bowl, and sallied to the barnyard this eve, and how I did wish thou couldst have partaken of its contents."

"5th day morn.

"While our little Hannah is taking her morning nap, I take up the pen to commune with thee, dear. Hast thou had any further conversation with sisters, or counseled with father respecting our plan, and

what does he think of it? I have supposed the change would be agreeable to him, although we could not expect he would enter into our feelings on the subject. I have thought more about it since we parted, and if we are to be entrusted with the awful charge of training up children, with all the responsibilities, anxieties and difficulties, which must be attendant upon it, I cannot see anything to make our present arrangement desirable either to them or to us. My view has been that it should be calmly and deliberately looked toward this summer, as a plan to be adopted in the fall. * * * * *

"Brother John and sister M. urge my telling thee that they would be very glad to have us, all this summer—and I want you to think about it, and do what appears to be best. I am willing to come home at any time, or I am willing to stay—but one thing is certain, if the cholera should come fearfully among us, either thou must come here, or I must go to Philadelphia. It would be no small trial for me to undertake to live in the country, and thou in the city. I sincerely hope one of the privileges of my life may be to have a constant abiding with thee. My brother and sister are very kind indeed, and it is sweetly pleasant here, but my husband is not here, and I should be sorry if anything in this world could compensate for the society of thee, my dearest friend. * * * If any plan has been decidedly approved, it

would, perhaps, be better not to let anything that I have said unsettle it. Han. is perched up in the large rocking chair by me, and looks as if she had much love for her father and aunts—to the latter, mine affectionately; the former knows he is tenderly beloved by his own

"MARY."

Their plans being finally decided upon, our grandmother thus wrote to the loved home circle at Park Plain, where there was ever manifested a tender and helpful interest in all that concerned her:

"PHILADELPHIA, 7th month, 1832.

"In the comparative quiet of a First-day afternoon, while our household are mostly at meeting, and the baby is sleeping, I take up the pen to write to the dear friends of my former home. Our little Hannah, although she is a good girl, does demand a great deal of her mother's attention, and the latter has, probably, not learned to bestow it as judiciously as she ought, or she might find leisure to commune more frequently with absent friends. But true it is that I have not lived in forgetfulness of you, or of the pleasant sojourn we had among you; and thy kind notes, my dear mother, have been truly acceptable. I feel grateful for the anxiety and concern you have felt that we might do

right in the change we are about to make. I did not like to conclude upon it without consulting you, but that did not seem practicable. We have for some time been talking about next fall as probably being the time, if we should live, for moving into another house—the charge of an infant added to the cares of such a large family, proving rather more than I, with my inexperience and incapacities, could comfortably get through with. But, above all, we are influenced by the consideration of the difficulty of training up children in the way they should go, in so public a situation—so connected with a large school. A little child would be more or less the pet and plaything of all the scholars, and we could not but believe that we must some time move, and that perhaps it would be easier now than at any other time. The change is, in many respects, a trial to us all. Sisters H. and S., to whom it is the greatest trial, thought they would rather commence housekeeping while Franklin was at home. He contemplates going out next fall, which is the reason we give place so soon. But the awful visitation of sickness and death, which is hovering over our city, veiling all plans for the future in uncertainty, causes us to delay taking a house for a month or two, especially as the country seems well to suit little H. and her mother, and brother John and sister Mary press our spending the time there. But it feels to me I must see Woodbury first, yet the trouble of

going about with a baby, and the disarrangement a baby makes in a household, is discouraging, although you did so kindly and patiently bear with us. But we can scarcely calculate a day ahead. If the cholera should come seriously into our city, unless Mickle could leave too, I should prefer abiding quietly at home—indeed, there does not seem any place to flee to for safety, but to the footstool of Christ."

At the close of the summer, the little family were once more happily together in their new house, 153 N. Ninth street. Within the next four years, three other children were born, Sarah, James and Mary. With these little ones around her, the young mother led a busy life, full of household cares, which were much lightened by her husband's hearty, loving sympathy, and his readiness to lend a helping hand. During one of her visits to Woodbury, he thus wrote to her of the home she had left:

"PHILADELPHIA, 7th month, 16th, 1833.

"* * * At dinner time went to sisters' and then to 153. Really, the parlors looked so pleasant and seemed so like home, sweet home, that all other places, however comfortable, and however kind and

lovely their inhabitants, cannot be compared unto it; and if my dear wife had greeted me with her smiling, beaming countenance, without whom home ever seems desolate, and little Hannah had come running and swinging both arms, and saying 'Dah, Dah!' and if I had seen little Sally's smiling face, coming to get the first kiss, my happiness would have been greatly heightened. But I comfort myself by remembering you are in the country inhaling the pure breezes, and bracing yourselves against a return to the city."

In the midst of her many duties, she thus wrote to her friend Catherine Wistar:

"9th month, 8th, 1833.

"It needs the stimulating influence of warm interest to overcome surrounding impediments to letter writing —with one baby sitting at the table by me, flourishing a rattle, and letting it fall almost every minute; the other running around the room, seeking some mischievous employment. Thou mayst enquire: 'Is that the most appropriate moment thou couldst find to have a little quiet converse with a friend?' Times and seasons, my dear Catherine, are not always at a mother's command, at least of one who is so miserable an economist of the minutes as they flit by, as thy poor friend, who is often fairly out of conceit of herself, and feels sometimes a degree of humiliation

at her extreme smallness of capacity for the comprehensive duties of a wife and mother.

* * * * * * * *

"I would not spoil my dear little babes, Catherine, if I knew how to help it—but, alas! Satan will spoil them, and their mother feels as if she had no capacity whatever to guide them aright. But help is laid upon One that is mighty—this is comforting, when one feels so weak and sin-worn."

At the close of a long letter.

"12th month, 2d, 1833.

"Not one word have I said about my babies—at any rate, they are well, and just as dear and well-beloved, and self-willed, and fractious, and, alas! as badly managed as almost anybody's babies."

One who had exceptional opportunities of observing our grandmother at this period of her life, thus writes of her:

"Your dear grandmother was of sweet, even temper, and had a great deal of patience and firmness, and great integrity of character. She was born to rule, but did it in so quiet a way, that one was unaware of being ruled. She was sincere and noble in her friendships, and I positively do know she never would betray a trust. She was not interested in petty or trifling

things, but exercised a refining and elevating influence on those around her, and drew young people in the direction of that which was highest and best."

On 12th month, 12th, 1834, our grandmother met with a great loss in the death of her beloved father. At his bedside she wrote to her husband the following hasty note:

"3d day, morn, half-past 4.

"My beloved husband:—It is in the dying chamber of a very precious father, I write to say, we would, indeed, be very glad to have thee here, and hope thou wilt return with J. Dear father continued yesterday very much as thou left him—but all night has seemed to be passing through the valley of the shadow of death. His sufferings appear great, and as if the last conflict would be severe. Oh, it is very hard to witness his suffering! He seems entirely sensible, knew me a little while since, and kissed me so affectionately. His articulation was very difficult all day yesterday, and the last thing I heard him say distinctly was: 'Dear Jesus.' * * * * * * *

"Thy own sorrowing Wife."

From her own home she afterward wrote to Park Plain as follows:

"I feel as if I must say a few words to the bereft

ones of my dear father's family—my mother, and my brother—although it is almost eleven o'clock. I want to know how you got through the important business of this week. * * * * *

"Ah, how you must have missed the kind hand that used to be so careful in such matters! My mind hourly visits you with the most affectionate interest, while the natural feelings are often touched, in looking mentally at the vacant chair standing by the fireside, and in missing the well-known footstep—the footstep that has trodden there so long, and so often, with all a father's kindness, has gone from room to room, and from place to place, for our comfort and accommodation. Now all passed away—gone forever! But very sweet and precious and favored was the end of all. Truly we have had many sorrows and many favors."

In the business crisis of 1837 came another heavy trial. In our grandfather's memoir is told the story of his failure in the dry-goods business. To a man of his high sense of honor, and to his wife, whose sensitive nature felt all her husband's anxieties, and shared in all his disappointments, this was a time of great suffering; but they then, as ever, followed the rule which had always guided them through life. They sought to know the will of their Heavenly

Father, and endeavored to be faithful to what they believed to be the truly upright and honorable path. The only written record we have of our grandmother's feelings at this time, is in a letter to her sister-in-law, Sarah W. Haverstick, from which the following extract is taken:

"I have very earnestly desired that we might both feel rightly under this, and that we might not seek to avoid any suffering or conflict that we ought to be introduced into. If it may be over-ruled for our good, and if only we can in this matter stand blameless before men, and before the Church, and before the great and holy Head of the Church, anything that will follow, may, I think, be easily borne."

Her sister, Hannah M. Whitall, had previously written of her: "Dear sister Mary is very efficient in herself, and has great strength of mind," and these characteristics were shown in all her conduct during this trying time. She most earnestly joined in her husband's determination that his debts should be fully paid, and did all that was possible by her economical management of their household affairs, and her loving sympathy and encouragement, to further his efforts in that direction. They were most

scrupulous in avoiding all self-indulgence and unnecessary expense, and so fully drew their children into sympathy with them in the attainment of the object they had in view, that the desire for any especially luxurious gratification was at once quelled by the remembrance of the oft-repeated words: "Wait until father gets his debts paid."

Before her husband had decided as to his future business course, he wrote to her as follows:

"HARRISBURG, 7th month, 19th, 1837.

"* * * I often feel very anxious about the future, and in much uncertainty about what course to pursue in my business. Oh, that I may be favored to see what is the Divine will in this important decision! My own inclination is to reduce my business into a very small compass, so that I should not, in any contingency, be again introduced into difficulties similar to those I am now and have been passing through, and yet I want to keep in that situation and business in which I can the most easily repay my deficiencies. It is really very difficult to know what to do, and, my dear, I rely upon thy help in this matter—so now, please give thy mind to it, and let us unitedly pray that best direction may be afforded. I feel that with-

out this, very uncertain will be the end of all my endeavors."

Early in 1838, our grandfather entered into business with two relatives, George M. Haverstick and William Scattergood, who were engaged in the manufacture of glassware. His prospects here were good, and at the close of his first year, our grandmother thus gratefully wrote to him from Park Plain:

"1st month, 4th, 1839.

"The first time that the date of the New Year has struck me, dearest, is in thus attempting to commune with thee; and with a crowd of remembrances that rise up in a hasty, momentary glance at the past, I feel that gratitude for continued mercies and favors ought most warmly to glow. I often think that, notwithstanding many sorrows have compassed our walk together, blessings have been richly and most undeservedly dispensed."

During the next few years all went on very quietly and happily in the household over which she ruled—a true helpmeet to her husband, not only in his daily cares, but also in his inner, spiritual life. In all the temptations of mercantile life he had her sympathy and her prayers.

On one occasion, when he was absent on business, she sent to him this tender little warning:

"I was going to tell thee this morning when thou left, but was so sleepy, to remember, dear, that 'Sin sticketh close between buying and selling,' and that thou mayst be preserved from wounding the Witness for Truth, is certainly the ardent desire of thy very unworthy wife, who will say farewell for to-night. May thy rest be sweet and refreshing."

Some pictures of her home life, as her little family grew up around her, may be gathered from her letters, which grew shorter and more hastily written as her household cares increased.

To J. M. Whitall, (no date):

"Here I sit, my dear husband, in our nursery—thy solitary wife; and while my hands have been busied in mending stockings, my mind has been chiefly occupied in thinking about my wandering and best beloved one, and vainly wondering, whether the dense fog, which envelops us, has obscured his path. I think it was settled thou wast not to travel at night, and that is a relief. I do entreat of thee not to do it.

* * * * * * * *

"Thy letter arrived this morning, and was most

welcome. It found me engaged in darning holes in the nursery carpet, and greatly contributed to cheer me in the employment, and although the work was homely, it did not prevent the flow of affectionate feelings, or quell the arising of grateful emotions that such was my husband, and that my husband was *thou*. I have quite reproached myself since thou left, that I was so selfish in thinking so much that I was the solitary lone one—left behind—instead of sympathizing more with thee, who has thus to travel and endure trial and danger, in order to make us comfortable at home. Do, please, excuse me; but thou must allow me to feel sadly bereft, and as if home was hardly here, without thee. * * * * *

"Third day I went to meeting, and we had, I thought, a good meeting, although little was said. Thy poor wife was made to feel her great need—her helplessness, her hopelessness, without the blessed Saviour's interposing aid. And oh, it is consolatory to believe that He is indeed a very compassionate Redeemer, and to feel that He is to be sought, not through others, but immediately, in the secret of the soul, even when no man knoweth. * * *

"I must bid thee adieu for to-night, desiring most truly the blessing of preservation upon my precious husband, and his very, very poor and undeserving, yet

"Tenderly attached Wife."

To J. M. Whitall:

"1st day, eve.

"Thou will not be very proud, dearest, of thy daughters' performances on the previous page. They have written several letters to thee on the slate, but made out poorly when they undertook to do it on paper. How hast thou been passing the day, my love? I hope thy body has found some comfortable resting-place, and thy precious mind been renewed in spiritual strength. * * * * * *

"Our Hannah did not seem well to-night—looked like getting the cold which we have all had. I bathed her head and tied it up well, and hope she will be better to-morrow. Do, dearest, begin to talk in thy letters about coming home—a very interesting subject to her who is most tenderly and affectionately

"Thy loving Wife.

"Adieu to-night."

"2d day, noon.

"* * * The children all seem very well to-day, but it was so rainy I did not send H. and S. to school. Thy letter was truly interesting to one who feels an interest in all thou says and does, and it is very kind and like thyself to write so frequently. Mary is standing by me, hindering with all her winning ways; she says she wants to write, 'My dear father, oh, my dear father.' James sends his love and wants to see thee 'so bad.' The children are all around me so thick

and close, that it really seems to banish everything from my mind, but love for their father—which ever abides largely in

"The heart of thy MARY."

To J. M. Whitall:

"5th day, afternoon.

"I suppose the fact is, dearest, that thou left home yesternoon, but so much longer does it seem to me, that I am hardly willing to believe that only one day of thy absence has passed away.

"* * * The children have been improving since thou left, and all slept well last night—not any of them waking, until little 'Mamie,' at morning dawn, wanted to get into 'zure bed'—saying, 'Let me put my arms round thy neck, and thee put thine around mine, and I will love thee hard.' They have all had good appetites to-day, and I have promised James that he should walk down to the store with Eliza to take this, and it will have to be brief, for they must get off before it is late. Mary is unmanageably lively; Sally, I guess, may go to school to-morrow. Our cousins, Elizabeth and Anne, lodged here last night, and it did not seem nearly so lonely—although no person, nor hundred persons, could fill up the vacancy thy absence leaves.

* * * * * * * *

"This is but a note, for really I was so busy to-day mending clothes, that, although I could think constantly of my own dear husband, I could not find the

time for writing. The children are all in the nursery—Hannah and Sally sewing, James keeping quiet for his walk, and Mary pursuing her own wayward fancies; and thy own wife stepped into the parlor just to tell thee we are all well, and love thee most tenderly, and desire thee to use all diligence in returning to us."

To J. M. Whitall:

"First day, after dinner, my dear husband—and I have seated myself a few minutes, to say a few words to thee. The children are variously employed about me—Hannah in writing to thee. Their mother feels as if the house was bereft of one whose being and well-being greatly affect her happiness. The evening thou left, I sat quilting until eleven o'clock. It was a beautiful evening, and my mind went with thee toward New York. The next morn, Jim and I arose and went to market before breakfast—and, although I did ask a man who had only veal and pork, how he sold his mutton, I made out pretty well. This morning I went to meeting, taking Sally and James. The latter was asked by his uncle George to sit with him, but he preferred staying with his mother. He was a very good boy—sits stiller than his sisters, which I ascribe to his father's better tuition. * * * It has been a beautiful day—we can hardly look above, or around about us, without seeing and feeling

that the great and merciful Controller of the universe rules and reigns most beneficently. Oh, how happy might we be, had we hearts to love and praise Him as we ought! I wonder not that the Psalmist, whose heart was so filled with holy fervor and heavenly love, should exclaim: 'Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord.'

"Hannah's letter is of her own making entirely. I thought how much it would gratify them, if one of thy letters were to come endorsed to them. Jim was expecting to write thee a letter, but is not now at home. It is time for Eliza to take this round and bring the children home. So, farewell, my own dearest, from thine, most lovingly and unwaveringly,

"MARY."

To J. M. Whitall:

"PHILADELPHIA, 3d month, 1st, 1841.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—Thy welcome letter arrived this morning, and really comforted me—for I had just told mother, that if no intelligence came to-day, I had pretty much concluded to be very uneasy. Mother came up this morn, and is most pleasantly with us. I accompanied her this afternoon to call at T. G's, and hearing of J. B's illness, away from home on business, made me quickly turn in thought to my wandering husband, and hope he would be especially careful. I am very glad thou art independent enough, to put on

two coats when others only wear one. Do, dearest, take good care of thyself, for thou art very important and precious to a household here, who feel, indeed, when thou art absent, that the main-spring of their earthly joys at least is missing. Hannah told thee that dear little Johnnie has a tooth—he is a very good boy —demeans himself beautifully, and has been less disturbing at night than usual. He sleeps very sweetly, and awakes in the morning full of loveliness. * * *

"Mother and I have been conversing most of the time I have been writing.

"Thy own Wife."

One specimen must be inserted of the lines of loving appreciation, which the absent husband was wont to send to "the sweetest wife man ever had."

J. M. Whitall to M. Whitall:

"BALTIMORE, 9th month, 3d, 1840.

"Wilt thou not think, dear wife, when thou receives this, that thou hast a baby of a husband, who can hardly be a day from home without pestering thee with his love epistles? But, truly, the fault, if any there be, is all thine own. Often in my absence does my heart turn with indescribable fondness toward my sweet wife, the most precious gift of my Heavenly Father, for whose kindness in thus bestowing upon

His unworthy creature so dear a companion and near friend, I feel very sensibly my want of gratitude. May we, my dear, so love Him and try to serve Him, that He may be pleased to continue His favors toward us. He is not a hard Master, but is full of mercy and compassion—therefore, my soul hopes and trusts in Him.

"At nine this morning I go to Washington, and, if nothing prevent, will try to be at home Sixth day night about eleven o'clock; but don't, dearest, sit up; thou knows when I knock thou easily hears, and I patiently wait until thou opens the door to let me in. Farewell, my precious—kiss my children for their father, and thy increasingly attached husband,

"J. M. WHITALL."

The glass manufacturing business, into which our grandfather had entered, was prosperous, and in 1850 he had the "inexpressible pleasure" of paying off his entire indebtedness, principal and interest. This was a time of reverent joy and thankfulness in the family. The spirit of humility that seemed to cover their father and mother, is well remembered by their children, as also the manifestation of joyful satisfaction, at having accomplished a long

desired end. The thought was ever upheld that this result was owing to the blessing of the Lord, and was always remembered, as our grandfather wrote many years afterward, as "cause of deep gratitude and praise to our Heavenly Father."

During these years of self-denial there were sorrows of a different nature to be endured. Their baby boy born 10th month, 5th, 1840, and named John S. Whitall, after his grandfather, lived only long enough to endear all to him by his loveliness, and his bright and winning ways, and to leave a sadly vacant place in the home circle. "Little Johnnie" was the pet and delight of his brother and sisters, and his brief two and a half years have left a memory of baby sweetness, that has not yet passed away. Those who witnessed it, can never forget the devoted mother's stricken countenance when, holding in her lap her baby boy, she suddenly discovered him in a convulsion, ushering in an attack of pneumonia which proved fatal. This great trial was borne by the sorrowing parents with their ever faithful submission to whatever came from their Heavenly

Father's hand. In the midst of their grief they looked away from earth, and by faith beheld their child safely gathered from the evil to come. A year afterward, in writing to her daughter, Sarah, at boarding school, the bereaved mother said:

"* * * Yet, in very truth, can I now rejoice that our dear little Johnnie is in heaven:

'I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And, oh, beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.
God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee—
He gained the victory,
And thou art sanctified.'"

Although the years preceding the payment of their debts had been those of close economy, a very generous hospitality had been exercised toward their relatives and friends. Those living in the country were urged to come and stay whenever it suited them, and the hearty exhortation not to forget that "the latch-string is always outside," is well remembered. Much

additional care and effort were involved in the entertainment of so much company, but all was lovingly and cheerfully borne.

Their children have the brightest memories of the home of their early days. The privations and self-denial which their parents endured were not allowed to press heavily upon them, and although they were denied many things that money could buy, all that love and self-sacrifice could give to cheer their young lives, was bountifully bestowed. They were taken to a tiny cottage at Woodbury to spend their summers. It was situated on that part of her father's property, of which our grandmother had a pleasant view from her bed-room window, in the home of her girlhood. In the surrounding wood, and by the streams that flowed through it, she, as well as her children, found great enjoyment, and luxuriated in the freedom of country life. She would provide each with a rake, and herself leading the little party, would spend with them many an hour in the frolic of raking up the dead leaves. With the bountiful supply of milk and cream furnished by her brother from Park Plain,

she often surprised the children with a treat of ice cream or frozen custard made by her own hands. She would frequently invite her daughters' young friends from the city, and with cheerful, active, personal labor, provide pleasant entertainment for the party. The good mother made many efforts to tame her wild little brood, and endeavored to train them in proper and useful employments. They were obliged to assist her in her many domestic duties, which were rendered doubly onerous by the impossibility of keeping more than one servant in the little house. Every morning, at a certain hour, they were expected to do their "task" of sewing, and the well-trained, competent mother carefully taught them the best manner of doing their work. Occasionally there was some rebellion at having to perform "tasks" during vacation time, and the fingers flew fast to get to the end of the seam—for what was not in store, when the work was folded and put away? Then came wild romps in the woods and up the trees. Dams and waterfalls were built in the little streams, and many a gay hour was passed paddling in the creek, with a

delicious indifference to wet and muddy garments. Excursions were made on the topmost rails of fences, and many new sorts of fun invented, all of which resulted in rosy cheeks and fine health. The sober neighbors were somewhat scandalized at the wild frolics of the city children, and often wondered whether their mother knew the full extent of their fun. If she did, she wisely appeared unconscious, and the joyous exhilaration of those happy summer days was without end.

After their early tea, the mother would often lead her little band in a pleasant stroll toward the setting sun, and point out to them the beauties of the landscape and the glowing sky, quoting to them appropriate extracts from her favorite poets. As they grew older, she endeavored to divert their interests into quieter and more intellectual pursuits, but always in some way provided that they should have a good time.

All through her life she had a very humble opinion of her own spiritual attainments and qualifications, and looked up with so much reverence to what she considered her husband's

advanced position in that respect, that, when he was at hand, she preferred that he should explain the Scriptures to their children, and speak with authority on spiritual matters. She was, however, unceasing in holding before them the right standard for action, and in teaching them their responsibilities, and when they were away from home, was very careful that they should not suffer for the lack of home instruction. When her daughter Sarah, then eleven or twelve years old, was at boarding school, her mother sent in writing many tokens of her tender care in this respect over her absent child. Only a few of these have been preserved. Among them are the following extracts:

"6th day, evening.

"Many and sincere desires, my precious child, go forth from thy mother's heart, that thou mayst feel increasingly the importance of regulating thy conduct upon Christian principles—seeking, in all things, not only the approbation of thy friends, who love thee and whom thou lovest, but the favor of thy Heavenly Father. Temptations abound everywhere—but, if we seek aright, strength will be given to resist them."

"6th day, eve.

"Thou hast very, very often, through each day, my dear child, been the subject of my most tender thoughts, desiring often that thy young heart might be drawn to love thy Heavenly Father, and to obey His holy voice."

In reference to her daughter having omitted attending several meetings, from what she feared was insufficient cause, she writes:

"4th day, eve.

"* * * I am afraid, my dear, thou hast staid at home from very slight causes. Please remember thy father and mother think it very important to attend diligently our religious meetings, and that their children should be trained up to do so; and, I do hope, unless thou art really quite too sick to go to meeting, that thou will not ask to stay at home. And remember, too, my dear, the importance, when there, of endeavoring to occupy the time aright, in seeking an acquaintance with thy dear Saviour, who makes Himself known in the secret of the heart, and often graciously condescends to very young children, and has promised that, 'They that seek me early shall find me.'

"Farewell, my dear child, from thy

"Tenderly anxious Mother."

During these years of busy housewifely and motherly cares, our grandmother was diligent in using all the time she could spare, in works of benevolence for the needy ones outside her own house. Beside her membership in the Infant School Association, she also belonged to The Shelter, a society for the care of colored orphans, and to the Union Benevolent Association. She also engaged in other charitable work. In these organizations she exercised an ability that made her a valuable member. She had also a large circle of relatives and friends, both in the city and out of it, and numerous were the social claims upon her, in her own house as well as elsewhere. Her sympathetic, helpful spirit was much sought after in times of sorrow and trial, and she was very frequently called to minister at the bed of the sick and dying, and to support and strengthen the sorrowing mourners with her presence. Had she not possessed more than ordinary good health, and a mental energy that was untiring, she could not have accomplished what she did. She not only provided what was needful for her family, but also things not deemed necessary by many

mothers for the comfort and advancement of their children. Her two oldest daughters gratefully remember the pains she took to fit up a room for them, with a table and desk for each, and a long shelf for their books. This was done as soon as they were old enough to appreciate the opportunity given them to study their lessons, and read and write without interruption. In this room they were allowed to reign undisturbed, except when an extra amount of company rendered its use necessary, when they were expected cheerfully to vacate it. On the birthdays of her children, she always had some pleasant surprise prepared. Her daughter Sarah remembers that, just before one of these occasions, she had manifested a spirit of rebellion at some requirement, and, instead of receiving punishment, she was surprised as she entered this little "study," to see a row of plants in bloom on the window sill, and a lovely, affectionate letter from her mother, lying on the open desk. The letter is lost, but the following little note is of a similar character:

"My dear daughter:—This little basket I have fitted up, and now offer to thee, hoping thou may find

it convenient and useful, in pursuing that important branch of female education—needle-work. Thou wilt feel every year, I hope, more and more the importance of employing thy time in the pursuit or attainment of something really useful and valuable, and find it increasingly necessary and pleasant, to be more attentive to domestic duties and employments.

"But, far above anything else, do I desire, that thou mayst give more earnest heed to the 'things that make for peace.' Thou art not too young to think very seriously on heavenly things, and our very merciful Heavenly Father loves little children who turn their young hearts unto Him, and are fearful of offending Him, and He will fill their souls with peace, and make them very affectionate and kind to one another. Accept the love and best wishes of thy

"Mother."

The following extracts are taken from a short diary kept in the year 1849:

"1st month, 1st, 1849.

"In entering upon a New Year, I have been led to look back upon the past, and to number the many mercies that have marked its fast fleeting days. That we remain around the hearth, an unbroken circle for so many years, enjoying health and innumerable other blessings, is truly cause for deep and abounding gratitude. But, oh, that our hearts were more given up to

love and serve our Heavenly Father! At this moment, this feels to me to be the *one thing* to be craved for myself, my precious husband, and dear children. The dear children—draw them, oh, gracious Father, to thyself. Cause them to feel there is nothing in this world worth their pursuit, if they neglect to seek the 'Pearl of great price.'

"The year that has just closed, has numbered among the silent dead, one beloved member of our family band—our precious sister, H. W. Tatum. She was unexpectedly taken from us the early part of Fourth month, last. We esteemed it a favor, that it was so ordered, that she closed her life at our house, and that we could all be around her dying bed and witness the composure with which she met the summons to depart. She had very little suffering, and we had the consoling assurance that her ransomed spirit was received into glory. To her dear husband it has, indeed, been a close bereavement, an irreparable loss. May the preserving power of the good Shepherd of Israel, be about him and his household! And oh, may we all be drawn near unto the blessed Jesus, seeking His love and favor more than any earthly gain, or earthly enjoyment!" * * * * * *

"4th month, 21st, 1849.

"The close of the week of our Yearly Meeting, which has truly been to many a season of mourning

and lamentation—yet there were some little seasons in which the clouds seemed to be lifted up, and we were permitted to behold a gleam of light, and feel the warming influences of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, that He will arise with healing in His wings, else, shall we not utterly perish, and die of this sore sickness which has spread over our Yearly Meeting? 'Why will ye die, oh house of Israel?' is the entreating language that often mentally goes forth. How earnestly do I crave, amid the trials and discouragements that are around about, that *we* may be permitted to draw near unto Thee, oh, Thou Father of mercies, and God of all consolation, taking our precious children with us, and under the shadow of Thy wing find a quiet and safe abiding place! As to our religious society, where, perhaps, we have too securely reposed—our resting-place seems as it were all broken up, and it may be to teach us, and oh, that it may have that blessed tendency, to seek for rest and consolation only in Thee!"

CHAPTER IV.

1850–1874.

IN the latter part of 1850 our grandparents removed to No. 1317 Filbert Street. Never can any other house possess such a charm to their grandchildren. It is connected in our earliest memories with all sorts of childish delights, and has many precious and sacred associations to those of us who grew old enough to appreciate something beside the love, the freedom and the fun, that we found there. How delightful when we first caught sight of the brown stone steps and the front door! What a loving welcome always awaited us within! The large parlors were not too large for us to fill to overflowing when we all met there. Nothing ever tasted so good as the bountiful meals spread on the large table in the bright, sunny dining room, around which we clustered with such hearty appetites. The dear "Grandpa and Grandma" were the

centre from which all our happiness seemed to radiate. There was never a lovelier picture than that presented by them, as they sat in their accustomed chairs, one at each end of their library table, looking with love and tenderness on the merry group of children who so joyfully gathered in their presence. In every part of the house there was a sense of pleasure and freedom. In the pantry we foraged without fear and without remorse. The oranges, the lumps of sugar, the nuts and raisins, the preserved ginger, and, above all, the slices of white mountain cake, which were appropriated by hungry young mouths, were as delicious as they were numberless. Our grandmother would appear perfectly innocent of it all, save for the glance of quiet amusement with which she surveyed emptiness where there should have been plenty. Dear grandma! she discreetly turned her back to a great deal of mischief, which must often have caused her care and inconvenience, watched over us with the tenderest interest, and was truly sympathetic with our joys and sorrows.

When our grandparents first moved to Filbert

Street, their own children were just emerging from their happy childhood, and in five years all had married and left their beloved home. To it, however, they returned, with all their interests, and the loving mother went forth at every time of need, to give her help, her counsel and her sympathy. The unwearied care she manifested in all that concerned her children was wonderful. She entered into all their experiences, and none of their needs failed to enlist her earnest efforts in their behalf. Beside her children, there were other young mothers who looked to her for aid and sympathy, which she freely bestowed, often at the cost of her own comfort and convenience.

A number of the houses in the immediate neighborhood of our grandparents' residence, were occupied by their warm, personal friends. On the opposite side of the street lived their valued friends, M. C. and S. W. Cope, one of whose daughters their son married. Their dear sister-in-law and intimate friend, Amy Y. Tatum, with her daughter, and the beloved sisters, M. A. and S. Longstreth, also lived in houses nearly opposite, while adjoining was

the residence of Elizabeth W. Wistar, and two doors below that of Elizabeth Bailey and her sisters, Mary Ann, Susan and Sarah Loyd. There was much unity of thought and interests in these various households, and a constant interchange of pleasant, social intercourse. They were all members of Twelfth Street Meeting, and encouraged and strengthened each other in their religious concern and faithful service for the church. The young people of their acquaintance, used playfully to call the square in which all these Friends lived, "The Saints' Rest," but it was more truly the scene of their active good works.

In 1856 our grandparents built a cottage at Atlantic City. This they named Storm Tide, from its situation close to the sea-shore, just beyond reach of high water. Here, in the summer time, they surrounded themselves with their children and grandchildren. At that date Atlantic City consisted of but a few private houses and one or two hotels, and it was very difficult to provide for such a large family, but the dear grandmother cheerfully

and energetically took up her house-keeping burdens.

I was but a child when the cottage was sold, but cannot look at it now without bright memories of warm welcomes and good times. I can see the dear grandma moving about the garden, taking such an interest in the grass and flowers, which were cultivated with so much difficulty in the barren soil. She used especially to enjoy the bouquets of elder blossoms and wild roses, which her grandchildren would sometimes pick for her in the woods.

Many were her cares at Storm Tide. If her children or grandchildren were not well at home, they were warmly invited to Atlantic City, and assured that their presence would cause no additional care, but be a true pleasure and delight. There were several cases of illness among the little ones, at different times, in which their beloved grandma manifested her ability as nurse, and her good judgment, as to the condition and needs of the patient. So sure were the grandchildren that she could comfort them and alleviate their distresses, that one of them, whether at home or at her grand-

parents' house, felt that she could only be relieved from pain by having grandma's cool hand placed on her forehead. When a little grand-daughter was recovering from a severe illness, the doctor pronounced her still to be in a serious condition, because of a heavily coated tongue, and his visit left the anxious mother in a state of great despondency. Grandma went quietly to the kitchen and superintended the broiling of a tender piece of steak, which she brought to the invalid, telling her to chew the beef and swallow the juice. This was done, and as its result, the tongue was found to be in a natural condition, and it was evident that nothing was needed but grandma's prescription of "plenty to eat." She used often laughingly to say that she "saved Bess from starvation."

Storm Tide was sold in about ten years, but before disposing of it, our grandparents bought a farm near Haddonfield, N. J., called The Cedars, which became another paradise for their grandchildren. In the summer time, it seemed literally to overflow with young people. In the cherry trees and around the swing, reading in the shade or making mud-pies in the

road ; everywhere there were groups of different sizes and ages, engaged in the pleasures best suited to their tastes. On the piazza, in two large rocking chairs, with daughters and sons gathered around them, might be seen the loved heads of the family group, to whom gratitude was due for all the pleasures provided. I can see the dear grandma at other times, in her cool lawn wrapper and snowy cap, moving along the piazza with a plate in her hand, and the grandchildren swarming from all sides, like bees, to share the welcome lunch which she bore. How lovingly would she look on the hungry group, to provide for whose appetites must have been a daily toil and care to her! After her busy life in the winter time, it would seem that her summers ought to have brought her more rest, and she sometimes used to speak of the enjoyment she found in the "precious quiet," when she could obtain it. Our grandfather used laughingly to say: "Mother only loves the 'precious quiet' when she has plenty of people to enjoy it with her," and this was so far true, in that she could not be content with what appeared selfish enjoyment, but always

was looking for some one with whom she could share her blessings. She used to talk longingly of the time when all that she had to do would be finished, and she would be at leisure, or, as she put it, get to the "beyond place;" but the time never came on earth when her loving ministrations ceased.

She much enjoyed having visits from her own personal friends at this summer home, and often found it difficult to get a time when children and grandchildren were not too numerous to permit it. If Friends from a distance were in the city during the summer, they would be invited to spend a few days at The Cedars and partake of its bounteous cheer. All who met there, cannot fail to remember her cordial, affectionate welcome, and her very polite attention. Even the young children can recollect her courtesy to them, as though they were guests worthy of especial consideration. She would even rise to provide seats for those whose pleasure it should be and was to wait upon her, and readiness to wait on others and thoughtful politeness were ever characteristic of her. Although she was so devoted to her

own family, she found time and energy for many other interests. She instituted a Mother's Meeting among the poor colored people in Bedford street, to which she gave a great deal of attention, endeavoring to elevate and instruct them spiritually, while giving them temporal assistance. This led, at her suggestion, to the foundation of the St. Mary Street First day school, in which she, for many years, acted as joint superintendent with our grandfather. When she withdrew from it, her departure was much regretted by the warm-hearted scholars, and until the end of her life she retained an interest in them, doing all she could to aid and strengthen Mary Madara, a devoted teacher of the school, who dedicated her life to the work of visiting the scholars in their homes, and ministering to both their temporal and spiritual needs. The successful and valuable work of the St. Mary Street school is fully described in our grandfather's memoir.

Our grandmother was also, for many years, a manager of the "Widow's Asylum," in which she worked faithfully and with great interest, and when advancing years and feeble health

obliged her to resign her membership in the Association, it was with much regret to herself, as well as to her fellow workers. To many other benevolent works that came in her way, she lent a helping hand, and was always regarded as one ready to give her interest and assistance wherever needed. The calls that were made upon her for sympathy and aid were incessant, and her children used to entreat her not to wear herself out in the service of others, but she was never willing to send any one away without at least hearing what they had to say. It was her custom not to lie down to rest without leaving her door open, in order that she might be readily roused if any one wanted her.

Her letters to her children, while embracing many subjects, are chiefly memorials of her unfailing sympathy and helpful interest, and her constant efforts to promote their welfare in every way. It is only by reading them all, that one can fully understand the wonderful love and care which they so beautifully manifest. The few extracts here given are selected with a view to illustrating these motherly traits, and are necessarily so curtailed, on account of their

personal nature, that they but poorly portray all that she did, in the midst of her busy life, for her children and their families:

"5th day, evening, 8 o'clock.

"My dearest S.:—Thou mayst well wonder, sitting in thy ease and quiet, that I should have been so unprepared with my basket, but so it was. Yesterday was Monthly Meeting, a long meeting, and a good one—home to dinner and company. Afternoon, down to the House of Industry to cut out and fit—home after dark. This morning at the Widow's Asylum, a difficult case on hand—two *naughty* old ladies kept us until dinner time; but this afternoon I did get the zephyrs, etc., and I am quite anxious to see Bessie's hood finished. Last evening Ellen came here, and said she would like to live with thee as nurse, if thee would take her sister as waiter. This afternoon I went to see her sister.

* * * * * * * * *

"And now I have said enough about "girls," and my paper is full, so I will say farewell for to-night, hoping your slumbers will be peaceful. You must look toward coming to Philadelphia the last of next week."

She often took charge of her grandchildren when their parents wished to leave home, or

when she thought her daughters needed a relief from care. The following extract is taken from one of the full reports she was accustomed on these occasions to write to the absent young mothers, telling them just what they would like to hear:

"4th day evening, 9 o'clock.

"My dear Daughter:—I suppose I could not fail in pleasing thee, if I take up the pen to tell thee about ———, especially as I can give such a good account. His grandpa, after the wedding was over, and he had taken Jane Johnson and Regina Shober home, went to ——— for him, and he came home as bright as a lark, bringing a gun with him as a loan, which greatly delighted him, and he forthwith went to the imaginary slaying of buffaloes, etc. He has been as good as a child could be, and as happy. All thy directions have been complied with. He was very sweet and good when he went to bed; his little mind seemed sweetly serious. He said, 'First we must *think* about Heavenly Father a little while,' and then said his prayer so prettily, it was quite touching, and I remembered that 'Even out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' It is a real pleasure to have him, he is so good, so thou needst not have any fear of his being burdensome."

"5th day, afternoon.

"—— was very good last night, and was dressed by grandpa and grandma without any difficulty, and without taking much time, he entertaining us meanwhile, conversing upon wild beasts. Really the fellow has a great deal of knowledge; he asked me if bears lived in Africa, and I '*guessed* they did,' whereupon he remarked they did not live in warm countries, they lived in cold countries, because they had such warm hair. When I wakened this morning and looked at him, he had his eyes open, and he said 'Grandma, thee is the king of women.' Wasn't that a fine speech?"

"Filbert Street.

"My dearest S.:—As the man is here with the load of potatoes, and did not bring me a note, I must, at least, write to inquire *why*, when we want so much to hear from you? It is truly a stormy day, and I have been down to Pine and the Schuylkill, to Moyamensing Prison, or its neighborhood, and to Bedford street. Poor old 'Aunt Abby' is, I hope, nearing the port of rest and peace. It is a wonderful change to contemplate for her, when beholding her present condition—clothed in rags and tatters, not able to walk a step, her leg broken by a fall, suffering and decrepit, and yet rejoicing in the unclouded belief that there is a mansion prepared for her. She said she was willing 'to wait all sorts of ways, till the dear

Master was pleased to come, and then wont I walk them golden pavements and sing glory!' Is it not marvelous that such a provision is made for even the most obscure and poorest upon earth? Ah, and such sometimes find entrance like Lazarus, while the rich and full are sent empty away! Tell Whitall and Bessie that I went to see a poor young mother, who came here the other day, looking neat and clean, but with a pinched face, as if she did not have enough to eat. She said her children did not get sufficient, and that their father was ill. I found her story was true—there were three nice children, a really charming and beautiful baby named Frank. They had very little fire, and only about two quarts of coal in the house. I think grandpa will send them some. I hope Whitall and Bessie will try to be very good, and be very thankful to their kind Heavenly Father for giving them such a good father and mother, and such nice warm rooms, and plenty to eat. They will think that is a sad tale, so I will tell them something more pleasant. Aunt Hannah came in Seventh day through the snow, bringing Frank and Sally, and A. and L. Bailey, and they went in the yard and made a snow man, and enjoyed themselves very much. We hope to have you all here together before long, and I find upon just now looking at my almanac, that two weeks from to-morrow will be Christmas. I was thinking of having our Christmas on the twenty-seventh, and then you can all

muster on Fourth day. I will write and see what Mary says.

* * * * * * * *

"I cannot say much more now, but near and dear love to you all—a kiss to Whitall and Bessie. I thought of thy First day school yesterday, and concluded it would be very small.

"Thy loving Mother."

She sometimes felt that she carried too closely on her heart all the varied cares and anxieties of her children, and in a letter to her daughter Mary, after entering tenderly into her interests, she writes:

"I think I feel too anxious about you all, and have quite come to the conclusion that a want of confiding faith and hope and trust is a real and sad defect, and gives me often unnecessary suffering. I would most earnestly desire for thee, my precious Mary, that thou wouldst early learn to cast *all* thy care upon Him, who is so abundantly able and willing to care for thee, with a firm belief that He ordereth all things well. What a pity that the young are often so indifferent to the high privilege of having Jesus for their friend, and securing for themselves rest and peace in Him; and how deeply deplorable when the aged are without the rich consolations of His love and favor!

"A letter from Sarah this morning reports Whitall better. I hope to go over to-morrow afternoon to lodge. I would go to-day, but the reading company meets here, and then Robert called and said he was obliged to go to New York to-morrow, and Ella has something like measles or chicken pox, so I must go out and look after them. * * * * *

"I hope thy appetite is good, and that thee will soon get strong. The pillow is done, but I thought it would *be kind* to make some cases, and will have them finished next week."

"STORM TIDE, 8th month, 23d, 1857.

"MY DEAREST JAMES:—I think I may be allowed, this beautiful, quiet First day afternoon, to say a word or two to the absent loved ones, who, though far away, have been brought very near in spirit, and to express my desire that we may all be more and more in earnest to be found passing the time of our sojourning here, in the fear of the Lord. And, truly, godliness having not only the promise of this life but that which is to come, is it not marvelous that we can rest satisfied with anything short of the *most earnest endeavor* to press forward toward its attainment?

"It was kind and considerate to write us direct to Atlantic City, and we were rejoiced thou couldst give so good an account of thyself, but we are hoping the next letter will tell us of a yet more vigorous return of

strength. Newport is a beautiful place, with very many superior advantages, but it is too far away to be quite convenient or desirable for those who have homes and business and close ties and interests in Philadelphia. But I can most easily believe thou hast found it a lovely, quiet resting-place in thy weak state, and I have often fancied I could almost see you in that delightful chamber, with the quiet bay before you, in all its sunset beauties. I have been very thankful that, as thou wast so far away from us all, thou wast just where thou art, with just the good, kind, tender nurse thou hast, and with the privilege of being sheltered under such a paternal roof. It is more, Jammie, my son, than falls to the lot of most—'What shall I render, etc.?'

* * * * * * * *

"What a comfort it is to believe, in this world of conflicting opinions, that men of differing views may be equally the objects of divine favor and regard, and that the important inquiry is not, 'What think ye of this or that?' but, 'Lovest thou me?'

"Has daughter Mary improved in health and strength? The love of the household here flows toward her, and toward thee, too, dear Jim—especially from the heart of your mother."

"Storm Tide.

"Dearest S.:—It would have been most pleasant

to spend to-morrow with thee, if I could have done so with an easy mind. * * * * *

"I am quite longing for the time to come when you will all be here, and to see the dear little ones pattering around. It is exceedingly pleasant here, and yet there have been moments when I have most touchingly realized, that our children were all married and gone. But if we are only favored, all of us, to get into, and keep in the path which leads to everlasting rest and peace, that when the journey of life is over we may reunite in the Redeemer's kingdom, what a blessing, what a mercy it will be! And thus it may be, if not prevented by *our own fault.* A nice letter from Mary to-day; she seems better in health and spirits. Do hurry and get ready to come down. We were very glad to hear William was better. It was such a charming, quiet day here yesterday; only father and I at our parlor meeting, and a right good meeting we had. Do kiss the precious children for their grandma. * * * * * *

"Very lovingly,

"Thy Mother."

"Filbert Street, 10th month, 8th, 1863.

"My dearest M.:—I was really glad I had gathered a little strength before I heard of all thou hadst passed through since going home, and I do want very much to know whether you are comfortably

fixed now. It is a mystery to me how you got on, and how thou wilt get through with all the preparations for Yearly Meeting. Do not make arrangements for taking in a great many lodgers; it can hardly be required of such young beginners, with so many little children. Do secure, if possible, a good cook to help, and begin the preparations in time, and do not overwork thyself. I hope the upholsterer has hung the curtains and laid the carpets. * * * And now for the chief object of my letter. I want very much, and expect to have Minnie and Johnnie here. Grandpa says he will go down next Third or Fourth day and bring them up. As to clothing, they have an abundance; they will see very few people, but they will want warm things to drive out with grandma and the new horses, and tell Johnnie if he puts the crying all away, and doesn't bring any of it with him, I will give him a nice hobby-horse. It will be a real pleasure to have the children, and I know from my own experience, when I had not so much company and care as thou hast, that it was a very great relief to sometimes send you away, and I was very grateful to friends who were willing to take charge of you, and I hope the same belief and amiable feeling *may fill thy heart.* The new nurse can then devote herself to Harry and Bonny, and win their affections, and keep them in the nursery.

* * * * * * * *

"I am quite myself again, and have an excellent

appetite, and abundant leisure to enjoy the children; and I have two such nice girls installed into their places, that H. K. is very much in the nursery sewing, and will dress Johnnie in the morning and extend all necessary care through the day, and A. A. is here and will make it bright for them. It suits father better to come the early part of the week, and I know it will suit thee better to have them come then, and you can get your rooms fixed and the cribs moved. So do not say a word, for *father is coming*. If Johnnie does not come he will not get his horse. * * * Please write at once, and tell me all about thy affairs, and say that the children will be ready for father to pick them up. Tell them that grandma will be so glad to see them, and she is sure they will be so good, and we shall have a real nice time. * * *

"Dearest love to you all,

"From your loving

"Mother."

"Filbert Street, 4th day, evening.

"My dearest S.:—I was hoping father would go over to-morrow, but he has a very bad cold, and it will hardly be wise. If we only knew thou wouldst be ready, we would send the carriage over for you. And I think we will anyhow, for it will be so much safer for thee and the baby, and William can bring the trunk in the open carriage. So hasten home from

Quarterly Meeting, and get ready. I think we shall send out for Hannah on Sixth day. She is without a girl, and I thought you would so like to be together. Poor, dear Mary, my spirit is much with her; one must be in that nursery day after day to know what she and that precious child have to pass through. I brought Johnnie home with me; he is a very good boy.

"Farewell, in the hope of seeing you soon,

"Thy truly loving

"Mother."

The "precious child," alluded to above, was a little granddaughter, who was ill from the effects of an accident. The following note was written to her:

"I was just going to say in the letter to thy dear mother, what I believe I will say to thee, little dear one, that thy dear grandpa bought in market a pheasant and three birds for thee, and I am going to send them down by express this afternoon, and will put in two scrap books, which, if thou feels like it, thou can paint and make them look as bright as possible. Give the little one to Bonnie, and the other one to Johnnie or Harry, or keep it thyself, if thou chooses. I send also some pictures for thee to cut out. I shall try to get a box ready to send down at Christmas. I wish I knew what thou wouldst like to have. I am going (this

is a secret, mind, and the boys must not know it) to send thee some dollars to get 'those chaps' some presents. I know thee has money, but, perhaps, thou wilt want to spend that in some other way. Please give Johnnie and Harry some of the taffy.

"Farewell, darling, give love to the boys,

"From thy loving

"Grandma."

"Filbert Street, 1864.

"We received thy letter, dearest Mary, and were grieved to hear of poor little Harry's sad fall, and that Minnie dear has weak and feeble days.

"* * * I am looking and hoping for much from change of air, if a way can be found for you to get it, and do hope when we get settled at The Cedars that it may seem feasible for you to come. Dear, precious child, how my heart yearns over her, and her darling mother sitting beside her. That the Lord may be near you is often by day and by night my earnest desire, and may He enable us all to find the blessing which we must trust is designed to be found in this cup of sorrow. I do feel thankful, my darling child, for the support that has been given thee from day to day, enabling thee to bear cheerfully all that has come upon thee, and for the health and strength which is bestowed, and for thy abiding feeling that the loving kindness of

the Lord is better than life. He knows all thy anxieties and cares and fears, and is, I doubt not, most tenderly watching over you."

"BALTIMORE, 8th, 24th, 1866.

"BELOVED ONES, FATHER DEAR, AND CHILDREN:—Your letters were so very acceptable and interesting, that I must immediately thank you for them. The invalids are pretty well this morning, Minnie moving about from one room to another, and Harry and Bonnie going out to their meals. Johnnie was brought in from the Grove, with evident symptoms of measles, although he does not seem sick.

"I have been taking thy advice, dearest, this morning, in endeavoring to find some *useful occupation*, and so have been clearing out certain closets and drawers with good effect, Mary helping too, bright and cheery.

"* * * It is a comfort to think of you all being with dearest father, although I do not like being away all the while. Mary sends a great deal of love, and says that I am manifestly in my 'right place, and there can't be two right places for one person.'"

"BALTIMORE, 9th month, 2d, 1866.

"MY DEAREST JAMES:—My little note to-day must be addressed to thee, as evidence that I have not forgotten that to-morrow will be thirty-two years since thou came, a helpless babe, into thy parents' arms.

Neither have I failed to remember, under a deep sense of how very poorly I have performed my duties toward thee, and how unworthily I have walked, how good the Lord has been to thee—giving thee blessings from heaven above and the earth beneath—a lovely and beloved wife and precious children, and above all has drawn thee to thy Saviour, and given thee to feel there are no treasures to be compared to the unsearchable riches found in Him. Earnest have been my desires, that in all thy ways, thou mayst 'acknowledge Him,' and then 'He will direct thy paths.' But there must be a willingness to walk in the paths he points out, or there will be no progress made. I do not believe it will be in accordance with His blessed will, that the strength of thy days should be given wholly to things pertaining to this life—neither do I believe it has been—still it may be a point that will require watchfulness and care, and earnest entreaty of the Lord that He will direct thy paths, and give thee strength to walk therein.

"We, as a family, have received largely many blessings and favors, and the inquiry should be earnestly raised: 'What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?' Let us in living faith make the response: 'We will take the cup of salvation and call upon His name.'

"Give a great deal of love to dear Mary and the children. Tell the former I have often been thankful

she was thy wife. May many days of happy, useful, dedicated life be your portion."

During the visit of two of her daughters to the Catskill Mountains, The Cedars enjoyed one of those rare intervals, which our grandmother used to call the "precious quiet." In the midst of it, she wrote as follows to her absent daughters:

"The Cedars, Sixth day, two o'clock.

"Well beloveds:—If I have not had a quiet day, I do not know where you will find one in this bustling world; although I have been entirely busy, first with helping a little to set the house in order, which Cassy and Margaret have succeeded in doing nicely—and now we are all ready for another set of little trotters—and then I copied Carrie's letter, supposing you wished the original, and herewith send it. After you left yesterday, father and I talked about you, and hoped you would have a pleasant time, although it looked *childreny* for a mountain trip. But we concluded, 'seeing as how you were youngish,' that you would enjoy it. Father soon retired to the sofa, and I went up stairs for a nap, but it was so intensely quiet I couldn't sleep. There was no opening and shutting of doors, and no little feet were going patter, patter, and it seemed as if even the girls had retired from

public life. However, we had our supper, and a quiet evening, and a good night's rest. I wish I might know you fared as well. I suppose you are now, at two o'clock, just landing at Catskill, and about to commence that 'six mortal hours' trip up the mountain. I do hope little Gracie had a nice nap on the boat, and that Bonnie was wise enough to suck his thumb and do likewise.

"It was quite touching to see Powell last evening, putting away the wheelbarrows, spades, etc., and as for the poor donkey, she has not said a word; but a distant dove has taken to cooing.

* * * * * * * * *

"I am now going to have a *lie down*, and a *read*, and then take this letter to Haddonfield, and, perhaps, take E. S. a drive, call on A. C., and then meet father at the station.

"Tell the boys I hope they will be as good as they were here, and as they will be entirely among strangers, they must particularly try not to speak too loud. My hand aches with so much writing, and I must conclude, with dearest love to you all,

"Your loving Mother."

"The Cedars, 7th month, 3d, 1873.

"My dearest Mary:—Thy letter at hand this morning. You have been apprised of the boys' arrival, and well being, and hard playing, and some-

times restful enjoyment. Harry was pretty sick the day after they came—one of his sick headaches he said, but he is very well now, and can play as hard as ever. He is even now at it, with Bonnie, at one o'clock, and a very warm day. The others have all settled down to reading, after rather a hard morning's work. Whitall came home yesterday, so they have had fine fun, ending with a good swim in the mill pond. They are very good boys, aiming to give no more trouble than necessary. Mary C. Whitall, with Sadie and Madge, went from here to Atlantic City this morning. They expect to come back to-morrow, and go home on Second day. So the coast will be clear for you on Third day, for we shall need a little time to fix up and rearrange, and get The Barracks ready, as we want you to stay here awhile before going to Atlantic City."

The Barracks, which held so prominent a place in the life at The Cedars, was quite a unique building. When the place was purchased there was a long bowling alley on the lawn, which our grandfather thought might be put to a better use, and be transferred into a cosy cottage to receive the overflow from the large house. He accordingly arranged a nursery at each end, and a dining-room and

parlor in the middle, the latter enlarged by a bay window. He added a roomy kitchen, and, over all, built another story, with bed-rooms. When completed it was found to be very comfortable, and quite large enough for two of his daughters, with their families, to live in. They called it The Barracks, because of the delightfully free and unconventional life they lived there, and neither children nor grandchildren can think of it without many pleasant recollections of the home thus provided by the loving care of the dear grandparents. At its familiar name, pictures rise before our mental vision of the parlor, overflowing with children, books and toys, kittens, dogs and parrots; the piazza shaded by apple, pear and cherry trees, which, at the expense of a few missiles from "the boys," furnished a lunch near at hand; the surrounding lawn, worn bare in many places by the constant tread of little feet; the hammock, the croquet ground and the grape arbor, all near by, where we passed many a delightful hour.

The following letters especially recall scenes at The Cedars:

To H. W. S.:

"THE CEDARS.

"MY DEAREST H.:—It is intensely warm here, but yet, in this shady spot, and with the breezes that reach us, we make out to be pretty comfortable. I think I shall get father ready to go back to Atlantic in a few days to tarry for a night or so. I do not feel any necessity to stay on account of the children, they seem to get on so nicely. Gracie and Alice and Daisy and Ray are nicely watched, and the good long nights and late breakfasts are good for them. Dear little Ray says she is very well except her usual complaint, the headache, but I do not think it is very bad, or she would not enjoy her play so much. They do not play violently or excessively, but gently and happily. The three boys have left The Barracks, and sleep and eat here, and we would rather have them than not, and if we go to Atlantic for a day or two this week, we should wish them still to do so. The girls like to have them, and say they are no trouble, just as good as when we are here, only they have more fun when they go to bed, which they are welcome to, when we are not by to hear it. They are all certainly very good children."

To H. W. S.:

"THE CEDARS.

"The clocks, both great and small, have just struck

ten. The mail has come—two letters for thee. The one from Carrie I took out of the envelope, without reading a word, except her name, and that she did not expect thee to answer—sensible woman that she is—and that she wanted 'The Christian,' which I have just wrapped and endorsed for her. I trimmed off all I could, to make one stamp take all—it is well to have a frugal mind, and save at the spigot, and then you may sometimes open the *bung*. Mary has been reading, but now she has put on her sack and sallied forth for a walk in the lawn, and seems well content. Logan is amusing himself variously, and as happy as a king;—and here I laid down the pen and went about my proper business, and after about an hour I inquired for Mary. No one had seen her, or knew anything about her. The girls had not seen her; Walter had not seen her about his haunts; the Bones had not seen her pass by there to the woods; James said she had not been in the garden. I felt all *overish*, and thought of Charlie Ross, and made a stir. Sallie thought she had gone over to Linden, and she and Logan concluded to walk over and see. So off they started, and at the gate they were screaming "Mary," and I was sitting on the piazza, when up walked Mary from toward The Barracks, with her face all aglow with her quiet enjoyment of gathering flowers, and her hands full. She ran a few paces and called them back. She said she had no thought of going out of the lawn, but she

sauntered down and went past Dobbs' and the mill, and on to the railroad, and to Cuthbert's corner, and gathered wild flowers, and had a good time generally. They all concluded then to go to the woods, and have just come home with ferns and Autumn leaves, and insects and things—and a very cunning one Logan is now watching crawling down a leaf or branch of oak leaves. He certainly must be designed for a *Bugologist.*"

To H. W. S.:

"ATLANTIC CITY.

"BELOVED DAUGHTER:—Thou art so very good in writing, and thy letters so very interesting, that I am sure thou should be well supplied with all the information which we have to give, which is generally a repetition of the old tale of abiding love and the deepest interest in all that concerns you. However, one can hardly take up the pen without remembering that 'The mercies of the Lord are new *every morning.*'"

"THE CEDARS, 7th month, 28th, '74.

"The above was written a week since, and I think I must have been going to say how many blessings we have to recount, and not the least your combined health and prosperity, and that we may hope to have you here with us so soon. We shall receive you at The Cedars most gladly. It would be far nicer than to go into the City—*Town folk* must wait. I came up from Atlantic yesterday, where Mary is

settled in with all her children but Harry, who goes to-day with James and family to Newport. It is deliciously pleasant here to-day. A refreshing shower last eve has cooled the atmosphere, which thou mayst remember is sometimes very warm; and the birds are singing, and the *precious quiet* is not uncongenial to an old woman past seventy-one. But she would like to have it broken by a "little Ray," flitting about with her youngest doll in hand, or "Curly Wig," with steadfast step, pursuing some definite object or plan, pretty well digested and arranged in her own mind, or Logan among the flowers, pursuing a butterfly, and Mary sitting in a tree reading, ready to respond to the dinner-bell, which, if dear grandpa comes home at the usual time, will quickly ring. Whitall and John Thomas went to Atlantic this morning, taking Annie, and the phæton from Germantown in the freight train. It will gladden Minnie's heart, as she greatly delights in horsemanship, and the drive along that beach, close to the dashing waves, is grand. No doubt some one has told you of the strange work the wind and waves did this summer, or were permitted to do, for not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice, and even the very hairs of our head are numbered, so we may believe *He was there*, with purpose of love and mercy."

From her earliest years our grandmother was

deeply attached to the religious society in which she had a birthright membership, and in all the work connected with it she took an especial interest. When a young girl, she often wrote down from memory the sermons which particularly interested her, and among her papers are many such notes, made in later years. As an overseer of the Western District Monthly Meeting, she faithfully performed her duties, and was much beloved. Toward the young people she felt especially drawn, and had a word and a smile for even the little children.

In the year 1872, she was appointed one of the Yearly Meeting's committee, to visit the meetings and members throughout Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. For this service her loving, Christian spirit well qualified her. Another member of this committee has often spoken of the deep impression made upon his mind by her words of loving and tender solicitude for the young Friends, spoken during these visits and at the meetings of the committee. He thus writes: "She well exemplified the *gathering* spirit of the Gospel; there was nothing about her which tended to *scatter* from the truth.

She dwelt upon the *inclusive* aspects of religion, rather than upon the *exclusive*, and seemed especially to realize the force of the injunction: 'Feed my lambs.'"

In a letter to her daughter Sarah, a friend, now living at a distance, thus writes of the place our grandmother filled in Twelfth Street Meeting:

"The last generation of Friends in Philadelphia numbered many strong, earnest, lovely Christian men and women, whom we delighted to honor in their lives, and whose memory we cherish. The Twelfth Street Circle was especially dear to me, and among them thy parents are prominently remembered. I believe only the great assembling about the throne above can reveal the effect of the earnest, loving, gathering influence shed around the young people for many years after 1850. During this time, again and again in the parlors of J. M. Whitall and of M. C. Cope, from forty to eighty were gathered weekly for several winters, to listen to choice extracts from the Lives of Early Friends, to hear some letter of deep spiritual interest, or at other times, to meet some English Friends who were in the city, each occasion closing with a season of devotion. At all of these thy mother was a centre of love and sympathy—a sym-

pathy whose strengthening influence remains until to-day, as taking hold both on the things of time and of eternity, and which made us feel how near she lived to the Master.

"Our visits at other times, when a few met, were always seasons of profit as well as pleasure. Thy dear mother united in an unusual degree the ability to be faithful in counsel with such loving appreciation of all she could approve, that she bound the circle of young people around her with strong and enduring affection. Never can I forget her sympathy, when in after years, she gave her fellowship and unity in our own religious labors, a true Elder in spirit, bearing our burdens, and so fulfilling the law of Christ."

The house at 1317 Filbert street was always open to Friends from a distance, and our grandmother was never too weary nor too busy to arrange for their comfort, and to give them her sympathizing aid. There was always an extra place set at her table ready for a chance guest. She never appeared more lovely than in the exercise of hospitality toward those who were poor and uneducated, but who came with loving and earnest hearts, bent on serving their Heavenly Master. The tact and helpfulness she manifested on such occasions, were as

marked as was the grace and dignity she displayed in intercourse with those of superior abilities and intellectual culture. It has often excited my admiration to see her preside at her table, surrounded by her guests. She would guide the conversation to interesting and elevating subjects, draw out each one on the point he was best able to discuss, and by her tact keep all in harmony, never seeming at a loss for the right and pleasant thing to say.

Most cheerfully would she lay aside her own plans to forward those of her visitors. She would enter into their interests, listen to their experiences, and give them her counsel and assistance, without any claim upon their sympathies in return. So assiduous was she in her attentions to them, and in her efforts for their comfort, that it was marvelous to her daughters that she did not break down under it. One of them, in robust health, spending a month or two with her, followed her around for some days, to endeavor to relieve her, but was entirely exhausted by the effort to keep up with her energetic mother.

Many and dearly loved were her own per-

sonal friends, and her intercourse with them was a very great delight and refreshment. One of them thus writes of her:

"8th month, 25th, '84.

" * * * The memory of thy grandmother is precious to me, and I still keenly feel her loss in the social circles and meetings of Twelfth Street.

"I never really knew her until we became members of the same meeting, by our removal to the heart of the city in 1872. From that time there was a growing friendship and unison of feeling between us as we frequently met, not only in hours of public worship and at other religious gatherings, but as associate managers of the Widows' Home, on Cherry Street, and some social occasions.

"She was truly a mother in our portion of the Church—her faithfulness was so blended with tenderness, her truthfulness and straightforwardness with love. Being wise unto that which is good, and guiding her own affairs with discretion, she was a safe counselor, while her ready sympathy made her easy of access to those who were in sorrow, perplexity or trouble. In her, faith was enlivened by hope, and encompassed with charity, so that her mind is fitly expressed in her favorite passage, Phil. iv. 8.

"To 'use hospitality' was one of the ways in which thy grandparents were careful to serve the Lord.

Warm and generous as it was, their hospitality received a special grace from thy grandmother. Her well-developed form and lovely complexion were most becomingly adorned in her always fresh and tasteful Friendly costume; and the sweet dignity of her countenance, and unaffectedly gracious manners, made her an attractive hostess. Her perfect womanliness, in all that is best and dearest in that word, irradiated by a life hid with Christ in God, is what impressed me most, as it was my privilege to see and know her in those later years of her stay on earth.

"My daughter loves to recall one little incident in her life. The day I left our home for a sojourn of unknown length in the British Isles, Mary Whitall sent her an affectionate note with a beautiful bouquet of flowers."

One of our grandmother's greatest pleasures throughout her later life was her friendship with Eliza P. Gurney. Their intimacy began on the return of the latter from England, and her settlement in Burlington; and, as long as their bodily health permitted, they frequently exchanged visits. They especially enjoyed their intercourse at Atlantic City, where their cottages were not far apart. Here the visits were chiefly made by our grand-

mother who was the more active of the two. These occasions were so frequent that on one of them, a little grandson, having been asked where she was, replied: "Oh, she's on the track." This greatly amused our grandfather, and was also much enjoyed by our grandmother and her friend, and became a family by-word, so that when the question: "Where is grandma?" arose from the loving group at the sea-side cottage, the answer would be playfully and often truthfully given, "On the track."

In our grandfather's memoir are described the religious meetings of Friends that were held at Storm Tide, and afterward at Eliza P. Gurney's cottage, and for which a meeting-house was finally built. Their united interest in these meetings, in which Eliza P. Gurney was called into much faithful service, and the deep sympathy which our grandmother felt in the spiritual exercises of her beloved friend, were an additional bond between them.

When together, they presented a truly attractive picture. They were two unusually lovely and noble looking women, and the simplicity of their Quaker garb, added to the

charm of their appearance. Their delight in each other's society was great. I remember well with what responsive brightness they enjoyed each other's witty remarks, and how full their conversation was of liveliness and affection and almost youthful enthusiasm, tempered with the grace and dignity of their mature years. They always gave each other the warmest welcome, and their parting embrace was full of tenderness and love. They maintained an active correspondence, some extracts from which will be found interesting:

Mary Whitall to Eliza P. Gurney, at Burlington:

"FILBERT STREET, 12th month, 14th, 1864.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND:—Thy letter, so full, so overflowing with kindness, came to hand to-day, and I know not what to say, or how to thank thee as I ought for either the sweet, precious letter, or its most bountiful accompaniment. It will, I believe, gladden the hearts of some of the lonely and desolate ones—some even of the Lord's poor, who may be found in garrets and in cellars; and thou, my dear friend, mayst take comfort in remembering the text: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' We expect to commence

after New Year's, the Mother's Meetings, once a week, and to sell the women, brooms, soap, etc., at half price. The winter, or the passage through it, looks serious and difficult for a certain class;—and to how many thou hast extended a helping hand. Go, beloved one, rest sweetly and comfortably on thy bed, while others are saying of thee, if thou art not of thyself: 'She hath done what she could.'"

To Eliza P. Gurney—on the receipt of the gift of a Christmas turkey:

"12th month, 23d, 1864.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—A noble bird came to our door to-night, and though it sang not a note, nor had a feather upon it to show which way the wind blew, we felt pretty sure that, could it have told its own tale, it would have said: 'I came from a lady whose heart is full of kindness, whose especial pleasure it is to dispense most largely, and who withal is most fertile and ingenious in devising ways and modes of doing it, and she sends me to you as a kind remembrancer.' Our heart's response would be: 'Thou speakest truly; and tell the lady who sent thee forth on this little mission of love, that thou found favor and grateful acceptance, and that the friends to whom thou came, taking an enlarged and extended view of her many acts of true sisterly kindness—the alms-deeds which she doeth, the naked which are clothed, the sick

whom she visits—said that surely, it being a truth that he which soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully, *true riches* will be hers at the ingathering of the harvest.' Then it was whispered: 'There are other certain treasures and gifts which have been liberally bestowed upon her, which she may not so willingly dispense. Tell her gently not to withhold her choicest gifts, her best treasures, but remembering "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," to say with one formerly, "I will *run* in the way of thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart," for "therein do I delight."' And then the friend with the bird in her hand said that *she* knew nothing much anyhow—save most certainly, that she did not practice the little she did know.

"Well, beloved, thoughts of thee were stirring in my heart's depths before thy silent messenger came to arouse them. I seemed to fear thou wast sick and rather sorrowful, yet, I trust, looking forward with joyful hope, leaving as much as may be the things which are behind and pressing on. There is so very much to induce thee to dwell in the shadows of the past that I marvel not that thou shouldst fondly linger there, but the word is 'Press forward.'"

To Eliza P. Gurney, at Burlington:

"PHILADA., 4th month, 5th, '66, *six o'clock* A. M.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND, whom I seem hardly to have heard of for months, or communed

with, so stinted and unsatisfying has been the intercourse to my longing mind. But when I read thy letter to Charlotte yesterday, which she kindly allowed, it went to my very heart. I said to my inner self, 'Well, if the day will not give me a few minutes, I will arise before the sun,' and so here I am, dear one, at six o'clock in the morning, as bright as a lark—though that thou wilt not discover—and full of the tenderest love for thee; a love certain and sure, that very, very often takes me in spirit to thy side, where I have often found myself of late, tarrying with the deepest interest and sympathy. I could but feel there was a more than common fullness—the daily touching visits to dear J——; the engrossing cares and anxieties which will sometimes press; the *gone forever* of that strong, loving arm, which was given thee to lean upon so tenderly and confidingly that *years* cannot fill to thee the vacuum and desolation. But the dear Saviour, the friend who sticketh closer than a brother, has been so near, has been so abidingly with thee, has said to thee, 'The *very hairs* of thy head I have numbered,' that there has been even at seasons an overflowing cup, and no lack, and thus it will be to the end. As a loving, most tenderly cared for child, thou wilt render willing service, even if the work should seem hard. But how my pen has run on; and why do I write thus? I cannot tell; only, when writing to *thee*, that goes forth which comes uppermost.

* * * * * * * *

"Since I returned from Baltimore I think I have never known anything to equal the occupancy of every moment. Our three dear daughters have all been here for a short time; dear mother all the time, who, with her feebleness and failing sight and hearing, presents a strong claim for far more than she gets—and then this committee. Some of the capable, the useful, the qualified, keep some of us poor things going about with them until the flesh is weary, even tho' the spirit may be refreshed and animated in witnessing the condescending goodness of the great Head of the Church in giving His loving, gathering presence. I do believe that it is a work that the Lord has owned and blessed; and some of the laborers have seemed to receive a fresh anointing for the service. S. B. has surely been called of the Lord, and equipped from his unfailing treasury."

Eliza P. Gurney to Mary Whitall, (no date):

"West Hill.

"My very dear Friend:—The promptings of my heart to reply to thy precious little note, just received, are too strong to be resisted. It breathes in every line that heavenly charity 'which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth.' Surely, my own dear friend, the bountiful Dispenser of all good gifts has, in an eminent degree, bestowed on thee the blessing which A. L. Waring teaches us to seek after:

" 'A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.'

" Most helpful is thy sympathy to me, and heartily do I desire that in thus watering others thou mayst thyself be watered."

To Eliza P. Gurney, at Burlington:

" BALTIMORE, 9th month, 3d, 1866.

" MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND:—I have been wanting for days and days to write to thee, but we have been so very much occupied with our new baby, and a very sick child, that it has not been easy to find the time. Now, thanks to our kind Heavenly Father, the baby is well and flourishing, her dear mother doing as well as can be, and Johnnie, the last one who had the measles and was really ill, is playing about the house, so that we can indeed acknowledge that the Lord has been better to us than all our fears. Do we not, my dear friend, often find it so? Mountains of difficulties, as we approach them, look high and overwhelming, but getting into their midst, we realize, with thankful hearts, that the passage through and out of them is made more smooth and easy than we could have supposed. We should learn to trust and not be afraid, or I should. Thou, my beloved friend, has learned that lesson. Thou hast been carried over billows and swelling seas when the waves rose high,

and the trembling bark was brought up from the very depths, as it were. Therefore thou wilt not now distrust the all-powerful Hand that has hitherto marvelously led and guided thee, even sometimes to an hair's breadth. I have been in very close sympathy with thee of late, believing it to be a time of many anxious thoughts and feelings, when the inquiry has with loving and confiding sincerity gone forth to thy Father, 'What wouldst thou have me to do?' Truly, thou mayest believe that the ancient promise will be fulfilled, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.'

* * * * * * * *

"What a release thou must feel it to have passed from *under* those large meetings. Yet therein, I do believe, there was an appointed service for thy Lord. My husband gave me an interesting account of the closing opportunity, which he thought greatly favored. And I think I must just give thee a few lines from a letter of Sally's to her sister Hannah, as a little evidence of what their intimate communings are upon the subject:

"'We went to meeting this morning. Dear E. P. G. preached a very, very good sermon, which would have greatly interested thee, on the guidance of the Spirit. It much strengthened my faith for asking for an outpouring. Afterward she prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit very fervently; and the meeting was a most favored one.'

"It will probably never be known in this world where and how the words have fallen, and my loving desire for thee as a laborer, a disciple, is that thou may go on in simple faith and obedience, and the Lord will be thy strength and thy exceeding great reward."

Eliza P. Gurney to Mary Whitall:

"EARLHAM COTTAGE, 6th month, 9th, 1870.

"MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—'Never more so.' I quote thy own words—firstly, because I can adopt them with perfect sincerity; and secondly, because they were so sweet and cheering, as well as reassuring to myself. I knew not how to thank thee for all the valued letters thou hast so generously sent me, but I believe it will be some repayment to hear they have been truly cordial to my feelings, and have done me good. Flowing so freshly from thy loving heart, thy sisterly expressions of affection find immediate entrance into mine, and certainly I know of no one who has the power to transport themselves with pen and paper into the presence of their correspondents, so happily and so sweetly as thy own dear self—so that all distance seems annihilated for the time, and we can almost fancy we are speaking 'face to face.'

"Well, I suppose you are on your way to Newport, and to the annual solemnity which is commencing there. Oh, may it prove a solemn convocation—a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord!

My dear love to thy husband, and tell him that his wish to have me with you quite stirred up a desire to join the party, remembering what a help and comfort was your dear companionship eight years ago. Then we had our beloved John Hodgkin with us—now, I suppose, you have another gospel messenger, less known, but not less worthy.

"* * * The recital of thy 'dream' tendered my inmost heart. It is a singular coincidence, but some two weeks ago I had the sweetest dream about thy own dear self, and dearest H. C. Backhouse, or rather, it was sometimes one and sometimes the other—but always so affectionate and motherly. I have often thought there was a strong resemblance in some points between you, and this, perhaps, has had a tendency to bind us together more closely."

Eliza P. Gurney to Mary Whitall, after the death of Anne Tatum:

"Atlantic City, 9th month, 14th, 1870.

"My much loved friend:—I have not written to thee since the redeemed spirit of thy precious mother took its flight to one of the many mansions of the Father's house, prepared for this trembling, but trusting believer by her blessed and merciful Saviour, whom, not having seen, she has loved through a long life of faithful dedication. She has now received, as

we reverently believe, the end of her faith, even the salvation of her immortal soul. She was, indeed, a diffident, shrinking christian, but who could come into her presence without a realizing sense that an atmosphere of holiness encircled her, that the alabaster box had been broken, and the feet of the Saviour anointed—for the odor of the ointment filled the room. Truly her path was that of the just, 'shining more and more unto the perfect day.'"

To Eliza P. Gurney at Burlington:

"1872.

"My precious friend:—I am so troubled to hear from some one at meeting this morning, that thou sent the carriage in yesterday two or three times for me. I really had no idea thou wouldst so kindly expect me, and there just seemed that fullness which could not easily be passed through, and I am so longing to see thee. Please do not expect me any certain day, for I am just now even more uncertain than a preacher, for they are generally allowed to do the things they *think right*, and I hardly am. I was casting round in my mind whether I could not make an impromptu visit of an hour or two to-morrow, when a friend came up and said: 'We have arranged for two or three visits—at ten, twelve, and four.' Third day is to be spent at Germantown, in visiting several families there, but I hope this week will find the work nearly completed;

thou wilt understand that I am but one to accompany other Friends, but I can gratefully acknowledge it has often been to my instruction and my humiliation—such a canopy of love has seemed to spread over visitors and visited—such ability given to some of our Friends to labor for the good of souls! S. Bettle and others have seemed especially qualified and called to the service, and we may hope the blessing of the Lord may rest upon it. The middle of the week we shall have four Westtown girls here to get their final fixing up, and so, until after they go and thy little band have departed too, I fear I shall hardly be able to see the beloved ones of West Hill.

* * * * * * * *

"I have followed thee, beloved one, in thy journeying oft down to the cottage, going home again, hardly knowing how to leave the dear, suffering one; sitting down in the parlor, often alone, and with a full heart. Then, mentally, have I drawn very near thee, and longed to be really with thee, and then have I rejoiced in the assured belief that He who hath been with thee in some seasons of sore affliction, and so wonderfully upheld thee, so comforted and consoled thee with His presence and His loving kindness, would be and was *very near* thee now—giving thee, as it were, afresh His everlasting arm to lean upon. Therefore thou needst not fear, but, committing thyself and the beloved departing one unto Him, rest from all anxious care."

The following letter of encouragement was written in reference to the religious meetings held in Eliza P. Gurney's parlor, at Atlantic City:

"THE CEDARS, 6th month, 24th, 1872.

"MY DEAR, PRECIOUS FRIEND:—So sweet are my memories, and so continually do my thoughts turn toward thee, that it just seems as if I could not help taking up the pen to say a word or two. I thought a great deal about thee yesterday, and I seemed to feel that you had a very good, solemnly-gathered season together, and I was almost afraid that it would be oppressively large. Didst thou not afresh realize that He whom thou dost love, honor, and desire to serve, was a present Helper in the needful time? I do most truly sympathize with thee in the weight and exercise these meetings bring upon thee, and yet entirely believe it is all of Our Heavenly Father's ordering. He has set before thee an open door, and it is His will thou should enter in and labor. The field is large, even sometimes when the *numbers* may be few. 'Trust in the Lord.'

"'"'Tis enough that He is nigh,
He will all thy burdens bear,
He will all thy wants supply.'

"As I look back a little, (as those letters may afresh have led me), upon thy life's pathway, with all its

varied experiences, its rich joys and blessings, its keen, bereaving sorrows, the calls to service, the strength and wisdom given to perform them, I believe thou mayst well say, 'Hitherto the Lord *hath* helped me,' and having had large experience in the way in which He has led thee, of His great goodness—be ready to add, 'I will trust and not be afraid.'

"Well, I had better not go on in this preaching kind of way, but mind my own P's and Q's, but somehow I seemed to feel that if I were thee, I could be *right good*, but as *I be I*, it is very hard. But there is but one source of strength, one fountain set open to all, 'And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.' Isn't that a wonderful truth? 'An advocate with the Father!' Dear Hallie is with thee, and I am so glad. She will be a comfort to you all. Perhaps she will read to thee the 'Essay on Baptism.' And ask her please to give her opinion in the matter—whether there is not a want for just such an exposition of our Quaker views. I have a great opinion that the religiously concerned young people have often a very clear appreciation of the needs of their day and generation; therefore I listen to them with respectful deference. I do not think we elderly Friends could do without the young, and they might possibly miss us. Richard Jordan used to say he liked children for Elders—the young anyhow—so I will ask Hallie and Annie about your meeting on First day."

To Eliza P. Gurney, on her return to Burlington, from her summer home at Atlantic City:

"THE CEDARS, 9th month, 17th, '72.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND:—I just feel as if I must send thee a few words of loving salutation from a heart that is full toward thee, and can really rejoice that thou art settled in at dear old West Hill. I have followed thee from room to room, from thy chamber to *the next*, with a sense that there was with thee at times a feeling of *solitariness*. But I mentally place myself beside thee in thy large chair, with such a sweet realization that, tho' sitting alone, thou hast most precious companionship, the tenderest sympathy, even the drawing very near of Him who has said, '*I* will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' * * * Just here the sweet and truly acceptable package of letters from West Hill came from the mail, and thy own precious, penciled lines, beloved, seemed to touch my very heart."

To E. P. Gurney, at Burlington:

"1317 FILBERT STREET, 2d month, 15th, 1877.

"MY PRECIOUS FRIEND:—I should not certainly begin a letter to *thee*, just as the sun is going down and sending its beautiful rays into thy parlor window, where the queen is sitting, *not* 'counting out her

money,' but giving thanks in the remembrance of all the ways by which the Lord hath led her, but that I do want to send the enclosed letter, left under my charge to forward to thee. It is not designed for many persons to see—only prudent people, *like thee* and *me*.

"Just think of all the privileges we have just had in J. B. B.'s ministry, and from house to house, too, in such a loving, tender way—so like his dear Master—ready to put a healing and soothing hand upon the wounded and the sick and sorrowful. I consider my appreciative period and day to have been sixty years, and I do consider it to have been an exceedingly interesting period, and notwithstanding all the troubles and haltings in our own little church, I have been thankful to live in these sixty years—not thankful that things have been and are just *as* they are, but thankful for the marvelous evidence of the continued loving kindness of the Lord, and the abounding manifestation that His tender mercies are over all. Ah, don't I remember the period thou alludes to, and the remarkable men of that day, and their ministry, and their writings! It was a privilege to live then, and I have felt it."

To Eliza P. Gurney at Burlington:

"1317 Filbert Street, 2d month, 16th, 1877.

"I am really glad to find myself actually seated with pen in hand, and at liberty to make the inquiry: 'How

is it faring with thee, beloved, in this truly wintry weather?' That thou art sheltered and warmly housed, I am sure—and quietly and peacefully trusting, I doubt not; while often realizing in thy own experience that He who is Lord over all, 'maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice,' and giveth *thee* of that peace which passeth understanding.

"2d month, 24th.

"It is even so—more than a week since this letter was commenced, and here it is, just as I laid down the pen. And now, at a most beautiful sun-setting, I take it up again, fancying I can almost see thee, looking out at the western windows, enjoying it. He who sends the clouds and the rain giveth us also very many things richly to enjoy. In a moderate, *suitable* degree I enjoyed a ride in the Park this morning, after meeting with my dear J. M. W. and S. W. N. It did look beautiful, with the bright sun shining upon it, and all so pure and white; but yesterday Hannah and Walter would have us go in an old, rickety sleigh, and it was so cold and windy, blowing everything the wrong way, that their idea that we would enjoy it very much proved, in my case at least, an utter fallacy. Did I not take a crazy sort of a sleigh-ride once with thee, or thee with me, in which we concluded we had quite finished in that line? Surely, now I have come to the end of such fancies. But really, to get into a warm, close

carriage, as we did to-day, and get fairly amid the trees and beautifully white-covered plains and hills, *was* enjoyable. I would recommend thee to try it; but don't ask me to go sleighing with thee, please. I have graduated.

* * * * * * * *

"I am sure I have never told thee how much I thank thee for the picture of our beloved friend, J. B. B. Oh, how often I longed for thee during those rich and blessed times, when he was sojourning in our midst—and I do think the sweet savor of the good ointment spread amongst us, still remains. We are often permitted to feel such a canopy of love spread over our gathering together, that it would seem nothing would or could blow it aside, and the services are in such sweet accord, as it seems to my ears—not very discerning ears, it is true, but they have been told to open widely for the good."

To Eliza P. Gurney:

"1317 Filbert Street.

"Have I never told thee how much I enjoyed 'Sister Birbeck's letters?' I now realize what she must have been to thee. And the letters led me often to 'The Journal,' at different points, where I could not go without feeling thee so closely near that it was touchingly enjoyable. The allusion to Wm. Forster's death

took me to his Journal, and it seemed almost at times like being in another far-off world. * * * Dost thou remember our going with thee to Baltimore, to meet Josiah Forster, after he had buried his beloved and honored brother, and how touchingly he welcomed thee, and kissed thee, as if he felt he had *now* met with one who could understand all his feelings of sorrow and bereavement? It was very interesting to me to have the whole thing so recalled—the large circle in the evening at Dr. Thomas', and again at Isaac Tyson's —and the meeting on First day, with Josiah Forster and thyself, sitting side by side—and the precious meeting it was!—and our morning Bible reading at the hotel, in that cozy little parlor. All seemed to rise up so vividly before me. But, alas!—no, I recall the alas,—but from that little gathering so many have been taken away that we cannot but feel bereft. The three Friends of the Committee, Dr. Thomas, Margaret Cheston, Hannah Ann Tyson, and so many others—all gone! But 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' We must believe this, unwilling as we are to let them go."

CHAPTER V.

1874–1880.

OUR grandparents, in their later years, were surrounded by an increasing group of happy young people, who turned to them as an unfailing source of joy and love. As The Cedars in the summer time seemed overflowing, another cottage was purchased at Atlantic City, and here the children and grandchildren came, in groups and in families, to enjoy the health-giving breezes, and the pleasures of the sea-side. Sometimes the grandparents would go there alone, for a little of the "precious quiet" which their advancing years seemed to require; but generally two or three of the grandchildren would soon be invited "to enjoy it with" them. There are few of us who cannot remember walking up the street to the cottage, after a dusty journey, greeted with the sound and smell of the sea, and, best of all, the sight of our beloved grandma, waiting on the

piazza, with her bright and loving welcome. Many were the pleasures of Idlemere, and with its name are also connected most sacred and touching memories. There it was that our grandfather's failing health became perceptible, and there was the scene of his last illness. There, too, came our grandmother, in the lonely years that followed, when, with declining strength of body, but ever-increasing loveliness of spirit, she seemed quietly waiting for her own time to come.

It was in the year 1874 that our grandfather showed symptoms of broken health, but from this first attack of illness, he seemed almost entirely to recover. In the summer of the following year he had a second and much more serious stroke of paralysis, and from that time never regained his former health and vigor. A few extracts from a brief diary kept by our grandmother during 1875, will recall to those who knew her, many precious memories of the bright and useful current in which her days were passing by, when they were shadowed by the declining health of the beloved companion of her life:

"Second month, 22d, 1875.—Committee at the Meeting House in the morning. Went to Burlington in the afternoon, and out to West Hill. Had a lovely visit with dearest E. P. G."

"Twenty-third.—Went to Quarterly Meeting; dearest E. P. G. preached a most excellent sermon truly in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power; dined with cousin R. W. A., and several dear relatives, most interestingly and satisfactorily."

"Third month, 1st.—A. B. came for a little respite from study and pressure of Haverford. A very nice young man."

"Third month, 2d.—Went down to the Baltimore depot, to meet dear M. W. Thomas and Johnnie, and Allen Jay; the latter en route for England on a visit of gospel love."

"Third month, 3d.—Our week-day meeting small, but the dear Master preciously near. Allen Jay ministered with great power. The text: '*None of these things move me*,' etc."

"Third month, 4th.—Allen Jay left us this morning, going on board the Ohio at eight o'clock We had a sweet meeting last evening in our parlor. Prayer and praise ascended, and much interesting converse—and such a precious sense that the Lord does draw very near to those who trust in Him before the Sons of Men."

"Third month, 5th.—A very snowy, stormy day.

Dear sister S. Tatum here a little while. Have been busied hither and thither, yet turning often with a precious recollectiveness to our Father in Heaven, who is ever willing to listen to us when we turn toward Him in praise or prayer."

"Third month, 10th.—Meeting day. Precious to assemble together and to wait upon the Lord. And He does most mercifully condescend to bless us together. May He continue to bless us, even tho' the mountains may depart and the hills be removed, etc."

"Third month, 16th.—'The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way.'"

"Third month, 20th.—The gardener came and brought a nice parcel of flowers. Have been busied arranging them, wondering whether it was right to spend so much time, but thought that our Heavenly Father had made them and given them to us 'richly to enjoy.'"

"Third month, 25th.—A quiet day at home. As age increases, how one longs more and more for quiet and rest. 'Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' A very interesting reading meeting at sister Amy's. Sweet prayer from A. W."

"Third month, 29th.—Came to Atlantic City. Went to the Chester Co. House. Found comfortable accommodations. The sea looks very grand and beautiful, and the air charming. There are but three visitors staying here, and they of an agreeable character."

"Third month, 30th.—We both enjoyed our night's rest. Slept well, and enjoyed our day by the sea, and riding a little about the town. The spirit of improvement seems abroad. Wrote a letter to H."

"Fourth month, 1st.—Came home—went to the meeting of the Board at the Widow's Asylum. Came home and found sister S. M. T., cousins A. and B. Allinson, F. S., and sister E. Whitall to dinner. Enjoyed their company."

"Fourth month, 2d.—Sister Sallie, sister E. W., and two Westtown girls from Carolina here. They seem to be nice girls."

"Fourth month, 8th.—The two girls, with dear M. C. Whitall's efficient help, were nicely packed, and trunks sent off by express, James and Mary taking them to the train. F. T. King and Bessie, Dr. Thomas and Minnie, came in the evening."

"Fourth month, 13th.—R. H. and his wife arrived from the West just as we had finished our breakfast. Just before dinner L. C. and another Friend from North Carolina."

"Fourth month, 16th.—A sweet, precious time at the morning reading. Our men Friends were both engaged in prayer, and we were melted together before the Lord at the remembrance of His holiness, and under a sense of His condescending, marvelous goodness."

"Fourth month, 19th.—To dine about one dozen

Friends. To tea nearly as many. The meeting opened under a very solemn feeling of watching unto prayer, and a trust that the Lord was regarding our coming together with tender compassion, and spreading His wing of love over us."

"Fifth month, 4th.—My dearest J. M. W. and self came to Atlantic City with H.'s four children and Madgie Nicholson. It is a restful place after all the cares and anxieties, within and without, attending Yearly Meeting."

"Fifth Month, 6th.—Our beloved M. C. Whitall, with her dear father, and sweet little Frankie and his nurse, came last evening, and are comfortably settled at the Chester Co. House. Their company is a great addition to our enjoyment."

"Fifth month, 8th.—James to dine. Our hearts full of feeling about our beloved ones so soon to leave us. It seems sometimes as if flesh and heart faileth; but our trust is in Him who hath hitherto cared for them."

"Fifth month, 9th.—'My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.'"

"Fifth month, 19th.—Came to Atlantic City, 'father and I,' to spend a few days, with Maria to prepare our meals. It is very pleasant here."

"Fifth month, 22d.—Bessie and grandpa much on the beach. We, Bessie and self, with Annie Kirkbride, in dear E. P. G.'s carriage, had a very nice, enjoyable

ride. Went to the Lighthouse. Can get portulacca there 1st of Sixth month. A pleasant call at Earlham Lodge. We are going to sit down in E. P. G.'s parlor to-morrow morning, to wait on the Lord together."

"Fifth month, 23d.—We did assemble about ten o'clock, and a precious season it was. The text, the promise of our Lord, 'Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,' was truly verified. Dearest E. P. G. was enabled to bring before us the blessed truths of the everlasting Gospel with power. With grandpa and Bessie on the beach in the evening."

"Fifth month, 24th.—On duty at Widow's Asylum next week. *Don't forget!* Another lovely ride with dear E. P. G., and down on the beach twice with my husband, greatly beloved. I think my walking faculties must be improving."

"Fifth month, 26th.—The Cedars. The birds are singing melodiously, and it is deliciously quiet. How congenial to advancing age is quiet and repose! Went in to meeting this morning."

"Fifth month, 27th.—Went in to the city and to the Widow's Asylum. It was a comfort to see so many old ladies so comfortably cared for."

"Sixth month, 15th.—A deliciously restful, quiet day, busied in getting trees trimmed, etc., and enjoyed it. What a beautiful world our dear Lord has given us for a tarrying place in our short pilgrimage!"

"Sixth month, 16th.—Went to Philadelphia—our Monthly Meeting; brought home with us our dear M. C. Whitall and family; James came in the evening; a great pleasure to have them with us. William and Sally came in for a little while."

"Sixth month, 17th.—A pleasant day. The dear children do seem to enjoy in a happy, quiet way this retired country place."

"Sixth month, 22d.—Rode into Haddonfield and bought some clay for the children to mould, and to amuse themselves with. It took nicely."

"Sixth month, 27th.—Rode down to Park Plain. Just a year since we were there, and had a sorrowful although very precious family meeting—our dear brother William lying cold and lifeless in the adjoining room. His end was peace. In this we may still rejoice and give thanks."

"Seventh month, 8th.—A quiet, pleasant day at The Cedars. The dear children running about under the shade of the trees enjoying themselves, are a pleasant sight. 'He hath given us all things richly to enjoy.'"

"Eighth month, 14th.—Came down to Atlantic City; found all our dear children well, and it is very pleasant to be with them. Twelve grandchildren here. Seven of Mary's, four of H's, and Whitall."

"Eighth month, 24th.—Father went to the city, and H. also. The weather cool and cloudy. Dear father was rather fatigued by the journey."

"Eighth month, 26th.—A very pleasant day. We did not go to Philadelphia to meeting. Father walked up to see G. Elkinton, who was not at home. He seemed rather weary."

"Eighth month, 27th.—Telegraphed for James, who came, to our great comfort. Dear, precious father does not seem so well to-day. S. P. and others called, but did not see him, though he was in the sitting-room, close by. It did not seem best."

"Eighth month, 29th.—Dear father much more poorly. James and Walter carried him upstairs, and Drs. Agnew and Reed were called in after meeting—an attack similar to the one about this time last year, only more severe."

"Eighth month, 30th.—Our beloved very ill. Sleeps a great deal, and does not appear to suffer much. This is such a favor. We think Dr. Reed understands the case, and we *must*, we *can* trust our dear one with the Great Physician of value whom he loves, and whose he is. Dear Sallie came down and spent the day."

"Eighth month, 31st.—Our dear invalid very much the same. We are hoping and fearing, not daring to ask for aught but submission to the Divine will. He is so sweet and patient that it seems that the Lord has indeed 'made his bed in his sickness.' The Doctor and M. W. Thomas came this evening; also dear Sally."

"Ninth month, 1st.—We have no improvement to record, but may make mention of the goodness of the Lord. The dear children have all been here together to-day. Though their dear father says but little, it is a great comfort to him to have them. None could have had a better father—so tender and kind."

"Ninth month, 2d.—Dr. Thomas and James went up to the city this morning. We miss them much. The three sisters are here, which I am sure is a comfort to their father, though he says but little—such is the drowsy, heavy character of the disease."

"Ninth month, 3d.—Dear Mary went home to Baltimore, hoping to return next week. From day to day there seems but little change. The dear Lord sees the end from the beginning; but whether it be for life or death, all will be well."

"Ninth month, 4th.—Our precious invalid passed a comfortable night. Our Heavenly Father is dealing gently with him, and with us."

"Ninth month, 6th.—A pretty trying, low day; the weather very warm, but good is the Lord and greatly to be praised. He does support and keep our dear one in such a sweet, submissive spirit."

"Ninth month, 8th.—Our precious invalid more comfortable than sometimes. He enjoys the morning reading. Hannah read a sweet Psalm, and then prayed, kneeling at her father's feet; it seemed a cordial to him."

"Ninth month, 10th.—A great storm, and change in the weather—very cool. Our beloved invalid pretty comfortable. James came to-night—a great comfort to his father, but we do not see any change that looks very favorable."

"Ninth month, 11th.—Still the same lowish, sluggish condition of the system, and the same patient, quiet spirit. Surely the 'everlasting arms' are underneath. James went home this A. M."

"Ninth month, 12th.—Dear Sallie came down this morning, to our comfort. Not any of us at meeting, but we heard they had an excellent one. S. M. and dearest E. P. G. greatly favored."

"Ninth month, 14th.—Our beloved one has had a more comfortable day, and we can but hope there is a little improvement; but our rejoicing is with trembling. We would be submissive to the Divine will."

"Ninth month, 15th.—Went over to see our precious friend E. P. G., who has been such a true sympathizer and helper in this time of trial. She could not come to us, and I went to her as to a bosom friend."

"Ninth month, 16th.—Came up from Atlantic City. Our precious invalid bore the journey wonderfully, and with James' and Hannah's kind care and help, it was performed with but little difficulty, and it is such a privilege and comfort to be settled in our city home."

"Ninth month, 18th.—We are indeed greatly blessed to have everything in readiness for us. Our home so

comfortable, and dear father improving. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his blessings?"

"Ninth month, 19th.—Our invalid makes a little progress daily. Sleeps comfortably. He has had a sad shattering, but the Lord is dealing gently with him and with us."

"Ninth month, 23d.—Took a nice ride in the Park. Dear sister Amy went with us. The weather is very fine, and the bracing air seems to suit our invalid."

"Ninth month, 25th.—Cousin R. was comforting in her ministrations and prayer, after our morning reading, in the chamber of weakness and feebleness. Oh, may the Lord bless and sanctify this affliction to us all. 'Nearer my God, to thee, nearer to thee, e'en though it be a cross which leadeth me.'"

"Ninth month, 28th.—Father went down to the office, and we took quite a long ride afterward, and enjoyed it."

"Tenth month, 3d.—Went to meeting. Felt it a great privilege to get there again, after an absence of five weeks. A great blessing that my dear J. M. W. was well enough to leave. J. B. Garrett preached excellently upon the text, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'"

"Tenth month, 9th.—We took a ride to the Park with Stanley Pumphrey. It was interesting to see how thoroughly he enjoyed the autumnal foliage and beautiful scenes on the Schuylkill."

"Tenth month, 17th.—Our meeting very large to-day. Many Friends gathering home from their summer retreats, our dear friend S. Bettle among the number, who preached to us most acceptably, enlarging upon several very lovely texts, particularly 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid; ye believe in God—believe also in me.' He called the next day to see us, and spoke very sweetly to my dear J. M. W."

"Tenth month, 19th.—Went to see Mary Madara, hoping to bring her home with me, but found her very sick. Cousin A. W. Murdoch called. Sallie here and Bessie. Dear children, friends and neighbors, all so kind. Our blessings are many."

"Tenth month, 20th.—A very nice ride with grandpa and grandchildren. The latter greatly enjoyed it. They got out of the carriage and took a nice run, and gathered some beautiful, bright leaves."

"Eleventh month, 11th.—Friends gathering in for the First day School Conference."

"Eleventh month, 16th.—The Conference concluded on the 16th, and truly it has been at very many seasons a greatly favored time, and we can but acknowledge that the Lord has been better to us than all our fears, 'Oh ye of little faith!' it might well be said to us, 'Wherefore did ye doubt?' 'The Lord sitteth upon the flood, he sitteth King forever.'"

"First month, 18th, 1876.—Taken sick with a very bad cold."

"First month, 19th.—Dr. Smith was called in and ordered me to bed, where I was very willing to go, and found the quiet rest very pleasant."

"First month, 20th.—A quiet time in bed—dear children and grandchildren coming in and out, full of kindness and love—so very precious, and the outside world passes and whirls by undisturbingly."

"First month, 21st.—A call from dear Julia Valentine, cheering and strengthening. She is a lovely, precious Christian."

"First month, 22d.—Those who were favored to be at meeting this morning, thought it was a favored occasion. S. Bettle spoke. Julia Valentine in supplication. In the evening S. B. on rest, and J. V. on peace. J. B. G. a sweet welcome to the new converts—and of such we hope there are not a few. My cold is giving way—feeling much better; blessings and mercies do abound; but alas, my unworthiness!"

The history of our grandfather's gradually declining strength during the next two years is recorded in his memoir. We all remember touchingly the sweet and heavenly atmosphere about him, as he sat for the most part of the time quietly in his chair, awaiting the final summons of his Master. With tenderest love and anxiety, and constant care, our grand-

mother watched over him. As soon as he was no longer able to enter into the varied interests which had formerly occupied his time, she too withdrew from almost all her benevolent and social engagements, and devoted herself to the comfort of her beloved husband. It really seemed as if she closed the book of her own life in sympathy with him; and from this time her one care was to cheer and brighten his days, and to attend his slightest wants. After some time she yielded to the entreaties of her children to engage the services of a capable man nurse, but was still unwilling to trust her dear one out of her sight, unless one of their children took her place. She would never relinquish the care of him at night to any one, but with unceasing watchfulness was, even in her sleep, alert for the slightest movement. Little did we younger ones, for whom she had ever the same loving and cheerful greeting as of old, realize what it was to her to see the growing feebleness of one whose strong arm had ever been at her service, whose overflowing life had made all bright and cheery about her, and whose loving attentions had always been so

devotedly offered to her. During these sad years, her trust in her Heavenly Father and her submission to His will, never failed her, and the same spirit of thanksgiving which in the past had ever been hers, still filled her heart. In the spring of 1876 she thus wrote to Eliza P. Gurney:

"1317 Filbert Street.

"My very dear and well-beloved Friend:—I did long to take up the pen *at once*, when I received thy precious letter, and to tell thee how it went to my very heart, as a sweetly soothing cheerer. It does seem so long, so very long, since I looked upon thy face, glowing with kindness and good-will toward all. I am pretty sure thou art not looking any older, but thou wouldst see me quite aged. The last twelve months have been a marked period with me, with its sorrows, and I must surely add, with its many and abounding blessings. To have had my precious husband so truly comfortable this winter, is indeed among the greatest. Spending an hour or two in the morning at the office on Chestnut Street, is pleasant to him, taking him into his familiar occupations and interests; and the afternoon ride to the Park he enjoys, and I generally enjoy it with him. It is never difficult amid dear children and grandchildren to fill up the carriage.

Above all, his quiet, gentle, patient spirit is truly something to be thankful for, with an abiding sense upon our hearts that he is ready for the Kingdom of Heaven, where there will be everlasting joy and peace. We enjoyed a few days at Atlantic City, my dear J. M. W. particularly, and we think he was the better for it. We may go soon again. I should think we would, only Yearly Meeting is approaching so rapidly, and we are looking for some Friends the latter part of next week."

Later in the year, she wrote to the same friend as follows:

"1317 FILBERT STREET.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND:—Again I find myself with pen in hand for the ever most agreeable occupation of communing with thee, though it comes so far short of side by side intercourse, that I never feel relieved or satisfied when I stop. My dearest J. M. W. is even now winding up his watch preparatory to going to bed, happily for me in this instance that he always does it about one hour before retiring. He has seemed very comfortable this winter in every respect. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, *because he trusteth in thee*,' I often think is applicable to him, and with thy text, 'The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever,' about tells the whole truth of

his experience from day to day. It almost frightens me, sometimes, to think of the abounding blessings which have been meted out to us in our pilgrimage journey, and to know so well and feel so humblingly and truly, how very, very far short I have come in rendering that thanksgiving and praise which is ever due to Him from whom cometh every good gift."

A few weeks before our grandfather's death she wrote again to E. P. Gurney:

"1317 Filbert Street, 5th month, 1st, 1877.

"My truly beloved Friend:—Is it really so, that I have never acknowledged that precious letter written during our Yearly Meeting week, and which was such an especial cordial, in the midst of all the *past*, *present*, and *to come*, which will rush in, sometimes almost overwhelmingly, amid these gatherings? However, there were some precious seasons, some droppings from the sanctuary.

"My dearest J. M. W. had just before taken a cold, which quite reconciled him to remaining at home, which was far better for him. I think he has been rather failing for the last few weeks, which would scarcely be perceptible, perhaps, to any save those who are constantly with him; but his sweet, patient endurance is the same. I think, possibly, we may go to Atlantic City in a week or so, hoping it may brace

him up a little. When art thou looking toward going? That might have some bearing upon our movements. But I do not look far into the future, but hope I do number the many blessings which come daily in our paths, and do recognize the call for abounding gratitude. And truly not the least among the many, many mercies is the quiet steadfastness of my precious husband. Yes, as thou told him, 'quietness and assurance forever,' amid all his endurances."

In the latter part of the Fifth month, the plan of going to Atlantic City, spoken of in the above letter, was carried out, and our grandfather was taken to Idlemere. The sea breezes failed to strengthen him, and it soon became evident that his life was nearing its close. His sweet and patient spirit seemed to cast a peaceful influence over all who entered the quiet household. Our grandmother was wonderfully calm as she watched every need of the precious invalid, so soon to be beyond her care, and showed that her loving and sorrowing heart was stayed in true submission on the will of God. In the early morning of 6th month, 12th, 1877, the hour of parting came, and within the sound of the ocean which he loved so well,

and which had been connected with so many important experiences of his life, without sigh or struggle, his spirit passed from earth.

When all was over our grandmother yielded to the solicitations of her children and went into another room, where she lay down, and after a time, worn out with watching, fell asleep. She soon roused, and missing her precious charge, said quickly, "Where's father?" and then, recollecting, added, "Oh, yes; it is well with him." This sense of gain to him seemed thereafter to be ever with her, and although missing him more and more every day, and often speaking of her loss, not a word of murmuring at any time escaped her lips, but only praises for blessings past and present.

The following letter was received from E. P. Gurney, and is dated, in our grandmother's handwriting, "The memorable morn of the twelfth."

E. P. Gurney to Mary Whitall:

"My own darling Friend:—'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints,' was the sweet assurance that was freshly and solemnly impressed

upon my mind this morning, probably about the time the ransomed spirit of the dear departed one was entering into rest—'Joined to the just of all generations —washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.' What more could we desire for this loved and honored servant of the Lord?

"* * * Oh yes, my precious friend, thy sainted husband, we cannot doubt, has been admitted through the pearl gates into the heavenly city; nor can there be the shadow of a doubt that when thy mission here shall be accomplished, you will be reunited where there is no more sorrow, no more sickness, no more separation, and no more death. Meanwhile, however, I know too well the aching void, the unspoken anguish, the desolation of thy heart and home, not to feel deep and tender sympathy both with and for thee. 'The Lord hear thee in this day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from His sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.' 'The Lord fulfill all thy petitions.'

"Thou wilt know that my thoughts are continually with thee, and I have been dwelling this morning, since we heard the solemn tidings, on the wondrous love and mercy which have been sweetly mingled with this bitter cup—that thou hast been so long and so remarkably enabled to minister to the necessities of thy beloved departed one, and that you were permitted to realize, even when utterance failed him, that

your fellowship was with the Father, and with the Son, and one with the other in Him. And now, how comforting is the assurance, which I believe is sealed upon thy spirit, that the strong bond which has so long united you, even death itself has no dominion over!—'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, and so shall we ever be with the Lord, wherefore comfort one another with these words.'

"Since I commenced this note dear S. T. has most kindly called, and her sweet, gentle spirit, has been truly helpful.

"* * * She tells me that thou are surrounded by thy loved and loving children, to all of whom please offer the assurance of my tender sympathy. I know they can not part with such a father, even for a little season, without a heartfelt pang—but oh, what consolation there must be for every one of you in the conviction which surely must be yours, that you have faithfully performed your loving duty to that sainted one, smoothing his passage to the silent tomb!

"Farewell, my precious friend, in nearest love and deepest sympathy (commending thee to God and the word of His saints). I am thy faithfully attached and always sympathizing friend,

"E. P. Gurney."

When her faithful ministrations were no

longer needed by her beloved husband, our grandmother's health began to fail. For some time she was an invalid in the house, and she never regained her former vigor. A most distressing functional derangement of the heart became apparent, so that exertion grew very difficult to her, and it was finally necessary to build an elevator for her use in the house on Filbert Street, where she continued to reside. Here she was the centre of a family circle. One daughter lived next door, and another nearly opposite. Her son dined with her every day, and one of her grandsons had his home with her. Beside this, she was carefully waited on by her faithful attendant for many years, Hannah Kehoe, whose loving service provided for all her personal wants, and relieved her from all household cares. So surrounded, with "children and children's children," as she used to say, coming in and out, and with her large circle of loving and devoted friends, our grandmother had every care and attention, and as much society as her gradually declining strength could bear.

The large and pleasant second story front

room was used for her bedroom, and in its quiet retirement she best loved to remain. All who entered there will remember her sweet, quiet face, as she sat in her rocking-chair beside the round table, on which rested her open Bible, portfolio, pens and ink. Here, too, were frequently packages of letters, sent her by E. P. Gurney and others of her friends, who knew her liking for interesting correspondence. Into this room she had also removed our grandfather's desk, which she kept for her own use. Among the papers found in this after her death were many notes, showing her diligent study of the Bible, and her loving enjoyment of the truths contained therein. She had also carefully written down the principal points of striking sermons she had heard, extracts from the books she had been reading, and poetry that had especially pleased her. From early life it had been her custom to make such notes and extracts, and she still found consolation and pleasure in thus occupying herself with her pen. There was also a little book containing a number of texts of Scripture, as she wrote them down day after day, often with some short com-

ment of her own. This was the record of an experience of which she spoke as being very precious, and which was frequently granted to her upon waking in the morning, when some comforting promise from Scripture would be brought vividly to her mind, and would remain with her until evening. On one occasion she wrote in her diary:

"THIRD MONTH, 12th, 1875.

"I do thank thee, oh Lord, for bringing such sweet texts into my mind—often coming in the first moment of waking. Oh, give me strength—*compel* me to do Thy will, and Thine alone."

Her fondness for reading still continued, and she always had books about her; but she suffered much with her eyes and a weak and weary feeling in her head, so that she was often incapable of mental effort, and could only sit resting quietly, not even able to hear any one read aloud. The following extracts are taken from her correspondence with E. P. Gurney, at about this period.

E. P. Gurney to Mary Whitall:

(No date.)

"MY OWN PRECIOUS FRIEND:—Thou hast been so

continually in my mind and heart, daily and hourly, since that solemn day on which I followed thee to thy now solitary home on Filbert Street, that I have thought it best to be silent, lest I should overwhelm thee with my words of sympathy. And I remembered, too, that thirty years ago, when under the deep 'shadow of a great affliction,' all words seemed powerless to comfort me, and I could only breathe in secret the submissive language, 'It is the Lord—let Him do what seemeth Him good.' And oh, the preciousness of realizing that 'Our times are in His hands,' and that we are never nearer to the Heavenly Chastener than when His rod of love is laid upon us, for truly 'He doth not afflict us willingly,' but 'whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every child whom He receiveth.'

"'The memory of the just is blessed, and will not decay.' How hallowed is the memory of the dear departed to my inmost soul! I never can forget his many noble deeds of love and faithfulness to me and mine."

E. P. Gurney to Mary Whitall:

"West Hill, 12th month, 31st, 1877.

"My Precious Friend:—Thy last sweet letter, containing the account of thy day at Germantown, gladdened my inmost heart, not only because of its unmis-

takable indication of returning health, but it was such a joy to find thou hadst been mixing once again with those beloved ones who cherish thee so tenderly, and who would so rejoice to have thee under their own roof once more. I was also glad that thou hadst seen once more the long-loved and justly valued friends of earlier years, whose very presence would, I am well assured, throw rays of sunshine over thy chequered path, and 'tempt thy tarriance' here a little longer; although I can easily believe thou often feels that 'it were better to depart and be with Christ.' But oh, my darling friend, do not forget how needful is thy stay to some of us, and for *our* sakes be willing patiently to 'bide thy time.'" * * *

Mary Whitall to E. P. Gurney:

"1317 Filbert Street, 1st month, 3d, 1878.

"My dear, very dear Friend:—The interesting package from thee, with that precious letter of thy own, would have been returned several days since, but I did so want to put a few lines in, that I waited a little for ability to do so. I have been looking over old letters, and arranging and destroying some, until I had suddenly to stop and let my head and eyes rest. I hardly know anything more consuming to the strength, both mentally and physically—and how

thou ever didst get through all that has fallen into thy hands is really a wonder to me, and I marvel not that thou shouldst now be a sufferer therefrom. But thou wast comparatively young, and I believe strength was given for that special work and service. And a service it truly was for the cause of righteousness, peace and love; and fruit is springing up in many unlooked-for places. * * *

"We miss Samuel Bettle very much from our meetings, and I fear there is not much prospect of our having him with us this winter, and I believe I am very far from being the only one that greatly misses my own precious husband—although that is not the place where I miss him the most, but it is 'where well-known scenes and local things, and all but he are here.' Yet there is at times a feeling of grateful thanksgiving, that he has gone to be forever with the Lord, and that the desolated walk is mine, not his. But I should not use the word desolate in regard to a path, where, with precious children and children's children, and so many dearly-loved friends, there are abounding mercies continued to a most undeserving one. Ah, nothing in *my* hand could I possibly find to bring.

"* * * Dear sister Amy and I have smiled over our mistake about thy gift of the cake. It was the result of my awkwardness I am sure, but it all ends in love. It may be we are growing old, but not

too old to love thee very, very much, and the dear girls and precious young mothers around thee.

"Truly thine,

"M. W."

In reply to a letter received on the anniversary of our grandfather's death, she wrote as follows to E. P. Gurney and family, at Atlantic City:

"1317 Filbert Street, 6th month, 14th, 1878.

"Dearly beloved ones at Earlham Lodge—Precious Aunt Gurney first and foremost—Dearest Hallie and all:—I must seem most ungrateful after such a kind and loving letter of interest and tender memories, not to have sent one visible word of the comfort it was to me, to be remembered, *just where I was*—sitting in a low place, although hiding as much as possible from mortal ken the *depth* of feeling. I have felt it a privilege to be just here, in this desolated house of such loved memories, and the precious children and loving friends have been very kind. I have realized afresh that there is *One* who hath been wonderfully gracious toward His weak and very frail and erring creature—that He hath not forgotten His loving kindnesses, or shut up His tender mercies. 'Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.' I quite long to sit down in meeting with you, and think the middle of next week, all things favoring, will find us there.

"The prospect of J. Bevan Braithwaite being amongst us in the eighth month, seems like another favor to be granted. * * * I know you have seen his letter to Stanley Pumphrey, and I am sure you must have greatly enjoyed it. Such a power of balancing things, showing one the strong side, and at the same time recognizing the good in the weaker, is something beautiful to behold, and, standing afar off, I see it with delighted eyes, and I think with a strong desire to look in the same direction. There are some *depths of thought* in that letter, and so much evidence of Christ-like feeling, that we may hope the teaching will prosper in some way, although perhaps in a hidden way, the work of the Lord in the souls of men."

Even in these latter years of feebleness, her loving heart and helpful nature made her life a full one. She gave to others freely, of all her substance, and especially that costliest gift of all, herself. She seemed to feel as if her own life were done, and asked nothing of any one, but still entered warmly into the plans and interests of others. Often, when weary and needing rest, she would descend to the parlor at the call of some aged or humble pilgrim, and listen with sympathetic heart to the trials, difficulties, or joys of her visitor. Her friends,

many of them the children of those whom she had loved in early life, and with whom she had shared the interests of the past, showed her many loving attentions, and her welcome to them was always warm and tender.

To her children and grandchildren she was still the beloved one to whom they turned with all the interests of their lives. In return for her long years of love and care they strove to lighten her every burden, but found that she could yet give to them more than they could to her. One of her daughters was in very poor health, and for awhile confined to her room; and the faithful mother would toil up the stairs to visit her, and endeavor to hide the terrible effort of breathing that ensued, lest her daughter should be alarmed. Afterward, when the invalid became able to visit her mother, the latter would hasten to the top of the stairs, to save her daughter the effort of coming up, calling most brightly as she quickened her steps: "Don't come up; I'm coming down."

The following extract from a letter to this daughter, written while at Atlantic City, shows how true it was, that, although her bodily

strength might decline, her loving, motherly care was still unfailing:

"8th month, 1879.

"My dearest ——— :—Here I am, sitting in thy old corner, with rocking-chair and cushion waiting for thee to come, and if they could all speak they would join with me in saying, 'Come, come, come.' I did most tenderly sympathize with thee in thy coming home without having attained all that we have been so longing for, but there is One who sees the end from the beginning, and does, we must believe, deal with His loving children tenderly, and 'from *seeming* ill oft educes good.' * * * We will hope on and hope ever, knowing our Heavenly Father doeth all things well. And so it may be thy duty to sit in an easy chair and write interesting letters to thy aged [I was going to write *poor*, but my pen was stopped in the quick remembrance of the abounding goodness of our Father in Heaven, who does so marvelously give of His blessings temporal and spiritual] mother and to thy family and friends, and be good, and be a comforter to many. * * * I will send thee Mary's letter, and thou wilt see we are expecting company. Rufus took tea here last evening, and had intended staying here, but dear E. P. G. *would* have him—and perhaps it was just as well, as I was not able to be down stairs the next day. And so we move along;

and we would have a better time if thou wast here, sitting just where I am, and I was sitting in my own chair.

"Lovingly, Mother."

For her grandchildren she had always a loving welcome. Her quiet patience added a touching grace to the ever-ready sympathy which she manifested with the gay young hearts about her, for whom life's cares and sorrows had scarcely begun.

An hour spent in her room was never a dull nor gloomy one. She had a clever, playful way of making humorous remarks, that gave especial brightness to her conversation, and she often diverted the attention of others from her own ailments by her cheery way of making light of them. The hopeful answers she gave to the expression of sad or desponding thoughts did much to dispell them, and she never failed to mingle encouragement with the loving advice she administered to those who came to her in need.

The future of one of her granddaughters, who was soon to be married, much interested her, and although feeling in her own heart that

she might not live to see the event, she was ever ready to talk brightly and joyously of all the hopes and plans in prospect. She used playfully to tease this granddaughter about the frequent letters that were written to her absent friend, and with her usual aptitude in embracing little opportunities for kind pleasantry, one day sent her an envelope marked "For Postage," and containing ten dollars.

In the summer of 1879, while she was at her cottage in Atlantic City, she was visited by a beloved granddaughter who came to take leave of her before going abroad. After the last kiss was given, the dear grandma stood on the porch watching the retreating figure until it disappeared from view,—then, turning to one standing by her, she said, "I shall never see her again." And so it was. Ere the traveler returned, the loving one whose thoughts had followed her so tenderly, had passed away from earth.

On the day above alluded to, our grandmother made the following entry in her diary:

"Seventh month, 30th, 1879.—Dearest Minnie left this morning. Probably I may not see her again—her

tarriance in Europe for two or three years makes it very improbable. As she passed out of sight the text, 'He that keepeth thee will not slumber,' immediately arose in my mind, and there seemed a sweet assurance to come in, that the Lord would preserve her from this time forth, and even forevermore."

To the same granddaughter a few days before she sailed, she thus wrote:

"ATLANTIC CITY, 8th month, 15th, 1879.

"MY DEAREST MINNIE:—Thy letter was very acceptable, and I was very glad thou had such a nice time with thy friends. I hope you may continue to have a most comfortable, enjoyable time before you sail, and that the best of blessings may ever be showered upon you—in your going out, and in your coming in. The *coming in* is the especially interesting part to me, that you may come in wiser and better even than you went. 'Who is he that can harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?'"

And again, a day or two later:

"5th day, the 21st.

"MY DARLING MINNIE:—It has been no small trial to give up going to Philadelphia this afternoon to see thee once more—but every one discourages me. I

started out this morning and tried to get something to fit up the accompanying box, but in Atlantic City nothing could be found; so I send it as it is, and thou can fix it up in Dutchland. I am so thankful this storm, this terrible storm we have had, has all passed over before you sailed. The ocean here looks as calm and beautiful as can be.

"I am not going to say what I feel or what I hope, but we have the promise that 'all things shall work together for good' to those who love and fear the Lord. Do, darling Minnie, go to Him in the simplicity of a little child, day by day, and oftener than the day, and ask Him to take thee under the shadow of His wing.

"I cannot and ought not to write more as thou wilt perceive, and will only say, I am lovingly and with prayer,

"THY GRANDMA."

During the last few months of our grandmother's life I accompanied her for a week to Atlantic City, where she was always much benefitted by the quiet and change of air. As her own cottage was closed, we stayed at a boarding-house. She was so feeble at the time as to be glad of an arm to lean upon, and to those who knew her, in the fullness of her strength, she seemed much changed. Even

then I was struck with her social gifts, and the pleasant way in which she mingled with the different groups of people whom we met. She could be interested in every one, no matter how different from herself in life and opinions, and seemed to be a centre of attraction to all. Even the colored waiters looked on her with especial respect and admiration, while she was not without an occasional kind word for some of them, which left them bowing and smiling with pleasure. I remember well my pride and admiration as I watched her, and what a delightful companion she made herself to me, being only too self-forgetful in her desire to give me pleasure.

Very precious are the memories we all treasure of the last few months of her life. All was done that affection could do to brighten her speeding days. During the winter of 1879, she seemed to grow feebler, was oftener found resting on her couch, and was frequently confined to her bed; yet many were the helpful, quiet talks we had by her side. The little notes she sent to some of us at this time, though short, and written in a trembling hand, have an

especially sweet spirit of love and tenderness about them. She used to jot down bright and affectionate messages on a small, white porcelain slate, which she would send with a pencil to her daughter across the street, telling the bearer to wait for an answer. Sweetness and goodness, purity and truth, emanated in all directions from her presence, and sometimes, when she would stand for a moment or two at one of the windows of her room, she looked, in the sight of those opposite, like the very impersonation of all that was lovely, and gracious, and motherly.

After the death of our grandfather, the family gatherings on New Year's day, described in his memoir, were discontinued. Our grandmother felt unable to attempt to celebrate the anniversary as of old, without her beloved companion by her side, and her children appreciated that she no longer had the strength and energy which had enabled her to make these seasons so joyous and successful. It was therefore decided that the day should be celebrated at the houses of her children in turn, with their mother present as the central ornament and crown of the occa-

sion; but our grandfather's empty place, and the feeling that our grandmother, too, would not long be with us, took from our meetings the light-heartedness and warm interest of former days. On the first of First month, 1880, the last family gathering was held at the house of her son, James Whitall. On account of her difficulty of breathing, she was scarcely able to walk from her carriage to the house. We feared the exertion would be too much for her, but she was so cheerful, and when seated in her easy chair looked so sweet and comfortable, that we did not realize how near the time of parting was to be. She returned to her home earlier than most of the company, and the next morning sent a bright note to her daughter across the way, saying she had received no harm from the effort she had made.

Through all her loving, cheerful interest in those about her, it was manifest that in her inmost heart there was a quiet looking forward to the hour as near approaching, when she would be called to meet the Heavenly Master, to whom she had sought all her life to render loving and faithful service. She made

many arrangements in preparation for the event, and evidently lived only a day at a time.

In less than four weeks from her last New Year's meeting with us, she was taken sick with what at first seemed only a heavy cold, but which soon developed into pneumonia. During this illness, which was her last, and of short continuance, she did not appear to suffer much, and was, as usual, a sweet and patient invalid.

Almost the last record of her pen, made just before this illness, was found on a slip of paper in her well-used Bible. Upon this were written the two following verses from Isaiah xli. which had been given her by Stanley Pumphrey upon his farewell visit, as having special application to her:

Verse 10. "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Verse 13. "For I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

During her last night on earth, before consciousness had entirely left her, these two verses were repeated to her by one of her daughters, when she roused, and slowly and with difficulty repeated them herself.

We had continued to hope until very near the end that she might be restored to her usual health, but this was not to be. On the morning of Second month, first, 1880, surrounded by her loving and sorrowing children and grandchildren, she gently and peacefully passed away, having nearly completed her seventy-seventh year.

Her departure left a sadly vacant place in many hearts and lives. In the various cares and interests that arise, we ever miss her wise counsel, her tender sympathy, and her unselfish love; yet we rejoice in the assurance that she has joined the spirit of her beloved husband, and that, beholding in righteousness the face of her Lord, she is satisfied with His likeness.

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